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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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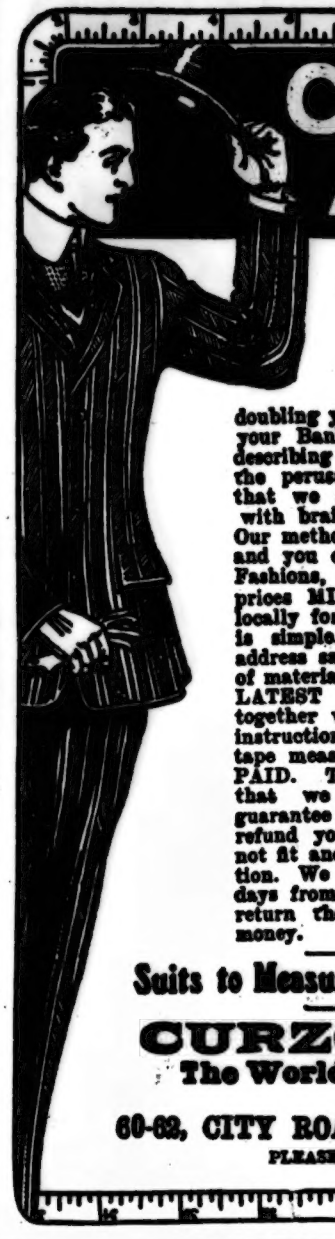

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

During the late reign a number of people used to go about whispering that Queen Victoria was a Roman Catholic in disguise, and they would point to her frequent absences from England at Easter time as evidence of a desire to receive the Communion according to Roman rites, unobserved. Oddly enough, King Edward has also usually been abroad at Easter time, and a similar rumour has accordingly got about with respect to him. This year, however, the Ministerial changes have brought him back from Biarritz earlier than he intended. We presume therefore that those worthy people who are always on the look-out for a Jesuit under every bed will now be satisfied, though we fail to see that anything is proved one way or the other by His Majesty's presence or absence at this particular season.

Before the month is out, over a hundred so-called Society weddings will have been celebrated in London and the provinces. The reason for all this hustling is, despite other and specious excuses, what Ovid called the superstition of the common people that it was unlucky to marry in the month of May. Some have thought to trace it to the fact that the rites of the goddess of chastity were held in this month, but, as a rule, a general custom has some natural cause to account for it. Holidayings and feasting were inconvenient in rural districts in May, as it is the busiest month of the year except the harvest month. The Church, borrowing such of the pagan customs as it could not abolish, handed on the tradition, and marriage was discountenanced in the "merrie month" accordingly.

And so the Government have decided to make the Licensing Bill the first item of their programme when Parliament reassembles. That is as it should be. Half measures are no good to any Government. Mr. Asquith must force his Bill through or drop it. The less he tinkers and tampers with amendments and "suggestions," the better for the reputation of the Government. Mr. Churchill has fully recognised this in going for the Bill "in its integrity." Our own view is that the measure is unnecessary and unjust, and if we were Prime Minister we should not lose a day in withdrawing it. As it is, we shall oppose it to the uttermost of our power, believing, as we do, that it will in no way promote the cause of temperance, and, on the other hand, that it will inflict a death-blow to the Liberal party. All the same, we commend Mr. Asquith for his pluck and determination in standing to his guns. And now we await the Budget.

The accounts of the Manchester election, as published by papers of different political faith, furnish a splendid illustration of the evils of party journalism, and afford an interesting example of how public opinion is manufactured. Taking up the *Daily Chronicle* the other day, we read that the Liberals are "triumphant" and the Unionists "depressed." We are also told that "the infectious energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Churchill pervades the whole place." Turning to the *Daily Express* of the same date, we gathered that "Mr. Joynson-Hicks is rousing enthusiasm by his attack on the Government's record, and is impressing business men with the desirability of a change"; that Mr. Churchill is "bombastic" and "is apparently afraid of what will happen." We really must consider the idea of introducing a Bill to abolish the leading article in the newspaper, and thus remove from the editor the temptation of having his "news" written to order.

The amazing Mr. Hunnable has found a picturesque imitator in Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent. We should have thought that he was sufficiently well known as a brilliant writer to stand in no need of a cheap advertisement, but he is evidently one of those strange individuals to whom the very name of Mr. Churchill is like a red rag to a bull. If we are not mistaken, he is the gentleman who distinguished himself by delivering an extraordinary speech at the Savage Club when Mr. Churchill was being entertained there. After all, it is a very simple and inexpensive form of advertisement to announce a candidature which is not

intended to be seriously pursued. Our only wonder is that purveyors of quack medicines do not take advantage of it. But why do the newspapers fall into such a very simple trap? They have only to ignore this playing at candidatures and the trick will soon have to be abandoned. The Second Ballot will, however, be the best remedy.

One of the teetotal Members of the House is moving for a Return showing the relative mortality of persons engaged in the brewery and licensed trades as compared with the rest of the community. Not to be outdone in the cause of truth, we have given notice to move for a Return comparing the average mortality with that of persons engaged in the manufacture of ginger beer, lemonade, soda water, and other aerated drinks—and we think our table will be quite as interesting as the other.

Mr. Stead advances the remarkable proposition that when the House of Lords rejected Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, the Government should have gone to the country with the cry of "Down with the Lords!" Mr. Stead has never been a very practical politician. He spends most of his time in the clouds, and even there talks through his hat. The fact is, there wasn't anything in the Bill to kindle enthusiasm for a campaign, as the Liberals quickly discovered. You cannot arouse enthusiasm in the country by peddling lumps of theology, and calling it an Education Bill. Nobody worried twopence about Mr. Birrell's Bill except the clergy and ministers of all denominations, who don't care a bawbee for the children's brains so long as there is a chance of fighting each other for their souls. Besides, if the Liberals are to have a General Election every time the House of Lords chucks out one of their Bills, one would be needed about every six months of their term of office. The policy of filling up the cup is the only policy; but, as we said the other week, it should be filled up with good wine.

What may strike the outsider as peculiar in politics is the facility with which men can be shifted from one kind of job to another without smashing up the Government machine. It is as if in a Universal Provider business the head cobbler were suddenly turned on to manage the butchery department, and the chief greengrocer shunted to control the furniture emporium. The truth is that the men who govern the country are the permanent officials. Say that you are suddenly called in from running the Education Department to bossing the British Navy. You walk into your new office, hang up your hat and coat on the peg, call for the permanent foreman of the works, and ask him whether he can run a few ideas of sorts you have brought with you. "Trot out the ideas," says he in effect, "and I'll see if I can work them in without creating a nuisance." Out come your ideas accordingly, and if they are harmless and don't cost money, and won't spoil anybody's prospects, or interfere with his peace of mind, he half-soles and heels them, some other fellow drafts them into a Bill, or a Regulation, or a Standing Order, or something, and every time you hit a cocoanut you get a cigar.

As luck will have it, Mr. Winston Churchill fights his bye-election in the city where the Suffragette movement had its birth. Manchester is the home of the Pankhursts, and without the Pankhursts woman's suffrage would probably have died a natural death. The family is already at the seat of war, and we fear the young Minister is in for pepper. In Kincardineshire a farmer who dared to interrupt the Suffragettes was volleyed with dead rats and cats, and had to vanish utterly. May we ask that in the exercise of their right of propaganda in North-West Manchester the ladies will exercise a more studied calmness and restraint, and that deceased animals will not be thrown at Mr. Churchill? Though we are not in his confidence, we believe he would prefer kippers, or even eggs. It is to be added, not as a threat, but merely as a warning, that while one good turn deserves another, one bad turn deserves two others, so that odorous arguments should not be introduced into the contest from either side. They are contrary to the spirit of the resolution of The Hague Conference on the subject of inhuman warfare.

By the way, in her recent Marylebone speech, Miss Christabel Pankhurst stated that the appointment of Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister "was the last straw that would break the camel's back." The meaning of this classic allusion appears to be that the Suffragettes have got the hump, and, so far as Mr. Asquith is personally concerned, not without reason. This comes of sitting on his doorstep and compelling him to escape their affectionate embraces by the back door. If they had refrained from disturbing the intellectual serenity of his mind in the early days of their campaign, and had tried to convince him by their beauty and their grace, he might have kept an open mind. Instead, they turned that human heart to stone, and now they haven't got a chisel whose edge it will not blunt. We doubt whether they will be able to make an impression on it even with a pickaxe.

As many things will be said during the bye-elections *apropos* of the iniquities of the Government, it may be convenient to the intelligent voter if we briefly summarise some of them. The Government are responsible for dear coal, dear bread, dear cake, dear gas, dear sugar, dear wives, dear mothers-in-law, dear meat, dear cod-fish, and dear money. They have ruined the weather, the crops, the widow and the orphan, and cast the breath of suspicion on pot-still whisky. They are responsible for burglary, theft, arson, murder, natural death, and the decrease in the birth-rate. Last, but by no means least, they are going to give away old age pensions, and nobody under thirty will get one. This, as Miss Christabel Pankhurst would say, is the last straw that breaks the camel's hump, and we hereby call upon the free and independent electors of Manchester, Dewsbury, Montrose, and Wolverhampton to save this great and glorious nation from machinations so—so—ah—ahem — ah — treacherous, and — ah — aw — um — ah —measures so—ah—aw—aw—aw—diabolic.

Whether, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Colonel Seely will be in charge of the Earl of Crewe, or the Earl of Crewe, as Chief Secretary, be in charge of Colonel Seely, is as things turn out. In any or either case we hereby beg to notify that Dinuzulu is still in Pietermaritzburg gaol awaiting trial, though up to date not one specific charge has been made against him. The Natal Government are, moreover, hunting high and low in Zululand for evidence against him, while his country is under martial law. At the same time, they are keeping him in prison so that he cannot obtain the evidence of his own people for his defence. We do not know how all this strikes others, but it seems to us to have assumed the dimensions of an Imperial scandal, and an Imperial disgrace. If there had been anything in the charge of treason against Dinuzulu, it would have been available for production as evidence long ago. All this delay is strong presumption that Dinuzulu's country was raided—placed under martial law, his people whipped in hundreds, himself arrested, and the charge of treason and murder made in the hope that evidence would be forthcoming to justify the whole filibustering operations afterwards. It is impossible that the Imperial Government can allow such a flagrant violation of justice, and those who have faith in present Ministers will expect them not only to see Dinuzulu through to his personal liberty, but to protect his territory from any Natal

landgrabbers who may have inspired or engineered the operations.

Apropos we have received a letter from Mr. R. Tomlinson, of Pietermaritzburg, Natal, who complains of the article that appeared in John Bull of February 22nd upon this subject. Mr. Tomlinson says we are ignorant of the facts; that Dinuzulu has been treated very fairly—indeed with exceptional consideration—and although he admits that the primary enquiry has been of unusual length, he says it was unavoidable, and in strict accordance with recognised procedure. As to Mr. Jellicoe, "he arrived in the Colony with an exalted opinion of himself, which he expected to impress upon everyone. No notice was taken of him, and finding himself in the company of superiors, like a cur turned tail and ran off barking furiously the while. The barking was, of course, unheeded." So much for Mr. Jellicoe. For the rest, Mr. Tomlinson has a good deal to say about the ignorance of Englishmen at home, and their readiness to attribute to their countrymen abroad all sorts of cruelty and injustice. Mr. Tomlinson also tells us that he is a solicitor practising in Natal, and as evidence that he has a practical sympathy with natives he adds that he has been instructed by Miss Colenso to defend more than one native charged with a capital offence, and has done so in some cases without any fee. We have not the least doubt that Mr. Tomlinson is a very good fellow, and we have as little love for what Macaulay called "the bray of Exeter Hall" as he can have. But we have to read the available evidence in this Dinuzulu matter with such intelligence as the Almighty has given us, and as found in the official documents presented to Parliament, it leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. It may be that, as Mr. Tomlinson says, Dinuzulu is guilty of murder and of high treason, but we have sought in vain for any evidence of it. If he is guilty, his readiness to surrender and take his trial when he might have remained free, and cost the Colony millions in hunting him down, was assuredly something akin to midsummer madness. So perhaps he is a fool as well as a murderer.

What is this we hear about Mr. Rufus Isaacs and the Law Officers? We thought the brilliant K.C. was not likely to be left out in the wilderness—especially after he evinced signs of wobbling on the Licensing Bill! Such is the game of Party Politics!

It is quite clear that the Portuguese elections were very carefully stage-managed, and the consequent rioting was not to be wondered at. Surely the young King has been badly advised. The terrible tragedy which brought him to the throne had aroused a very general feeling of sympathy on his behalf, and he had an excellent opportunity of repairing the most conspicuous mistakes of his predecessors. But now it has been made clear that the whole system of government in Portugal is hopelessly rotten, and no amount of sympathy or pity can stave off a change very long. We shall not be surprised to see a Republic established very soon, but whether it will be any less corrupt than the present administration remains to be seen.

Methods of electioneering have always been peculiar in the Peninsula. We remember being told a variety of stories on the subject by a friend of Don Carlos. In one place the Carlists were kept away from the polling booths by a ferocious bull. On another occasion when a contest was very close, an urnful of votes was brought in at the last moment from an imaginary village, and, strangely enough, they were all in favour of the Government candidate.

Similar electoral methods have long been customary in Servia, and an amusing struggle is now going on between the various parties for the right of conducting the elections. All business has been at a standstill for some time in the Skupshtina owing to the determined obstruction of the various Opposition groups. At last Pashitch determined to dissolve, feeling confident that, as a very old Parliamentary hand, he would be able to secure a majority in the usual way. But, to his surprise and disgust, Peter refused to agree to a dissolution until the treaty of commerce with Austria had been ratified. The result was a deadlock, and the only possible solution seemed for one of the Opposition groups to agree to the ratification of the treaty in return for permission to conduct the elections. Now, however, Peter appears to have given in, and Pashitch is to have his way. We dare prophecy that he will have a good working majority. Our friends in Servia tell us that the long-expected revolution will not be delayed much longer, but they have said this so often that we confess we are beginning to grow a little sceptical.

We are sorry to hear that travellers will no longer enjoy an opportunity of witnessing the picturesque ceremony of the Selamlik. When we last attended it, we could not help wondering why the Sultan consented to run such a risk. Almost anybody could obtain access to the Palace by means of an introduction from an Embassy, and it would have been perfectly easy for an Anarchist to throw a bomb out of a window. This has now evidently occurred to the Sultan, for he has given orders that everyone attending the ceremony shall be searched. The Embassies, however, have protested against the idea, and have decided not to recommend any more visitors to attend the ceremony. This will cause a good deal of disappointment, for the sight of all the Turkish troops gathered together in honour of their Sovereign was a particularly fine one, and this was practically the only opportunity which travellers enjoyed of setting eyes upon one of the most interesting personalities in Europe.

Any extraordinary idiot who happens to be about and loves the simple life has now a splendid opportunity to throw in his lot with "a gentleman of world-wide experience and cheerful disposition." We say "throw in his lot" advisedly; for this gentleman advertises in the *Times* that as he is going caravaning from June to September, he "seeks another" as companion. The applicant must be able to play the piano, sing, and take photographs, and he is informed that "it is a good opportunity to one who will not mind roughing it and making himself useful; premium, eighty guineas." It is added that the caravan and life will be the simplest, but they cannot possibly be simpler than the young gentleman who will be graciously permitted to win in this new holiday competition. Indeed, as he shakes his companion by the hand and drops his eighty guineas, he may as well choose as his introductory song, "We meet to part again."

Apropos the recent flogging sentences, it is interesting to note that in the reign of George III. women were flogged at Bridewell. Ward, the antiquary, describes how the chairman of the governors sat with his hammer in his hand, and the flogging went on till it fell. The calls to "knock" were loud and incessant. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock; pray, good Sir Robert, knock!" became a common cry of reproach among the people to denote that a woman had been whipped. As we stated last week, we are not altogether averse to trying the experiment of the lash on ruffians who rob and assault defenceless citizens, but when we get "women's rights," and have equal laws for both sexes, we think we shall go for the exemption of females from the "cat"—except, perhaps, in the case of ladies of the Goold type.

It has been quite rightly stated that the late Sir Howard Vincent's "Police Code" has been adopted by the principal constabulary forces throughout the United Kingdom. It has been also put to another,

if not exactly a legitimate, use. On the night of the return of the Guards to London after the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, a joyous crowd of young officers of the Household Brigade found themselves in St. James's Street, every man of them in an environment that was distinctly non-teetotal. One of these returned warriors, Lieutenant Sir John Willoughby, conceived the brilliant idea of climbing upon the top of a lamppost. Entreated by a blue-coated representative of the law to rejoin the *pave*, the gallant Sir John responded by pulling out of his pocket Howard Vincent's vade mecum, and proceeded to read to the gaping constable appropriate directions for dealing with after-dark emergencies in the West End. Eventually a fire-escape was called into action, and the then subaltern of the Royal Horse Guards was forcibly compelled to descend from his giddy altitude. At Marlborough Street, on the ensuing morning, the Court, beak, clerk, usher, and all were moved to wholly undignified laughter when in evidence our P.C. described the defendant's conduct in reading at him Howard Vincent's Police Code as "very hexasperating, your Wusshup." In consideration of his doughty deeds in Egypt, the hardened criminal got off with a lecture, and the late Colonel Sir Howard Vincent's *magnum opus* got an unexpected and gratuitous advertisement.

We recently commented on the conduct of the authorities of the Three Counties Asylum in Bedfordshire, in embarking upon costly litigation with a poor woman whose husband had been killed by typhoid fever, contracted through the bad drains under their control. Not content with having already incurred an expenditure of about £3,000 in connection with a claim which could have been settled at the outset for a few hundreds, we understand that the authorities are now about to appeal—which means the expenditure of several hundreds more of public money and the probable ultimate "freezing-out" of the poor woman. The whole thing is a scandal, and we direct the attention of the Local Government Board to it.

There have been dreadful happenings at the Yorkshire Congregational Union in Sheffield. A large number of the four hundred delegates asked to be provided with smoking accommodation at the Nether Chapel, but the deacons, it is stated, were horrified, and gave expression, in stained glass window attitudes, to their pious and pained surprise. A belted knight and pillar of Methodism, Sir Charles Skelton, no less, related the shocking fact that at a meeting in the house of a gentleman in the cutlery town, the ministers and deacons were not only provided with drinks and cigars, but that many of them "indulged in the weed," and most of them took the drinks! Sad to relate, the smokers found accommodation in neighbouring clubs and cafés, and some were even seen in the streets sporting well-seasoned briars.

No wonder we rub our eyes at the contrast when we read that in 1646, George Fox, the Quaker, went to his village clergyman for a little ghostly advice, and was bidden to "take tobacco and sing psalms." All the prints of that and the next century represent the clergy as smoking, and Archdeacon Paley only urged them not to do so at the doors of ale-houses! How much it may cost the clergy now in the shape of self-denial to obey their Archbishop and to abstain during Lent is hard to say; but, judging from the only other class upon whom such abstinence can be enforced—namely, the prisoners in the gaols—the self-denial must be very real; indeed, prisoners have been known to give a considerable portion of their daily food for quite a small piece of tobacco. We are glad that our friends at Sheffield did not suffer so great a deprivation.

We have heard of so many strange proposals for defeating the tables at Monte Carlo that nothing of the kind ought to surprise us any more. But we must expend a smile upon a little book which has just reached us called "Astrology, the Key to Roulette." It gives us some elaborate rules for calculating the true time at Monte Carlo, and dividing the day into "Planetary Hours" and "Planetary Periods." For the benefit of those who are not quite up to making the calculations for themselves the author tells us that "it is comforting to know that there is a sundial at the Palace of Monaco by which watches may be set for working the planetary periods. Then by further calculations we discover what planets are in the ascendant during each planetary period of two or three minutes. Each planet controls certain numbers, and we must stake upon them during the periods indicated." The author assures us that he has obtained very satisfactory results by following this plan, but that there are still more intricate and certain methods of applying astrology to roulette. These he is prepared to impart to anybody who cares to write to him, and we should not be surprised to hear that he could be persuaded to play the game with their money. If by any chance he failed to make a fortune, the fault would lie with the stars. Meanwhile, we do not understand why he has not yet broken the bank himself, without the assistance of credulous capitalists.

Recently the people who bought the Greatest Show on Earth thought the freak department was an overrated attraction regarded from the view-point of the box-office, wherefore all the freaks were crossed off the salary list at one awful swoop. The result appears to have been disastrous, for the managers of the show, which is now performing in America, have had to dispatch telegrams all over the country requesting them to return. Now the bearded woman, the human mountain, the armless wonder, the two-faced twin, the stout lady, the terrible skeleton, and the dog-faced boy are rushing across the tracts of time to rejoice the heart of Unk. Jonathan. It is not for us to say what will probably happen to freaks of this sort when born fifty years or so from now; but science is advancing—even the severest operations being painless.

Dr. Tatlock, the Glasgow analyst, says that it is the quantity and not the quality of whisky which matters. This gentleman is the author of the five explanations of intoxication—taking too much and forgetting how much you have taken, mixing drinks, drinking on an empty stomach, personal idiosyncrasy, and latent pugnacity. We doubt, however, whether he is correct in his assumption that bad whisky is good whisky if you don't take too much of it. Quantity for quantity, it is probable that a crude, raw spirit will introduce a man to a policeman more quickly than a softer and more matured blend. There is whisky which sets you on fire. On the other hand, there is whisky which, as Jane Welch Carlyle once put it, makes all cosy inside, and whether it is pot still or patent still matters little to the public, except from the view-point of preferred flavour. The public, however, have a clear right to know which class of whisky they are drinking or the proportion in which the two classes are blended, and it is difficult to see what valid objection honest distillers can take to a declaration of this kind on the label.

It will be remembered that from time to time we have called attention to the frequency of deaths under anæsthetics. Since we last wrote, several other cases of the kind have been reported. On the face of it, there is more than a suspicion that such drugs as ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, and their like, are largely mixed and administered by medical men who understand next to nothing about them, and who, when a fatality occurs from incompetency, ignorance, or lack of experience, are protected from censure or liability by the flattering

testimony of their colleagues. The evidence at the coroner's inquiry is nearly always that the anæsthetic was the right anæsthetic, that it was administered with knowledge and competency, and that what happened was due to some unaccountable physical idiosyncrasy of the patient under operation. This story has now become stale, and we trust the Government will issue a Commission to report on the whole matter, with special reference to hospital practice and the properties and effects of the drugs administered with the object of producing anæsthesia during operations.

By the bye, Mr. Bernard Mallett's calculation before the members of the Royal Statistical Society that if the nation's wealth were realised and divided equally between all the members of the population it would come out at 4½d. a day, is interesting. Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., however, puts it at 8d., and Mr. W. H. Bailey at 9d. But, of course, all such estimates are little more than guesswork, for it is difficult to get at the realisable figures of the national wealth. Who knows, for instance, what our Navy would fetch as a going concern if put up for public auction? But taking the highest estimate for what it is worth, it is evident that 9d. a day would be something less than riches. It rather recalls that old story of one of the Rothschilds, who was visited in Paris by a Socialist deputation. In the course of the argument they urged that the wealth of the rich should be divided among the poor. Rothschild made some rapid calculations "Certainly," he said, "I'm worth so-and-so. Here's a sou for each of you. If you have time you might send up the rest of the population for their share." Of course the whole point is that there is not much accumulated wealth in the world. In other words, we must work.

Our good friend the policeman is getting his hands fairly full of extraneous work. Not only is he responsible for the collection and safety of lost dogs; he has to take notes of anything in the way of blasphemy at the street corners; to keep his eye on the itinerant bookmaker, and on the scorching motorist. And now, on the top of it all, comes two new duties under the Licensing Bill. Robert has to examine the brewers' vans and the drivers' books, to see that no tipple is being delivered contrary to the provisions of the Act, and he will also be responsible for the sobriety and good conduct of the Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Mile End clubs. No wonder the police couldn't find the Camden Town murderer! But, of course, that was quite a minor matter.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issue of February 29th:—

H. Kingsman, 94, High Street, Wandsworth (No. 34384—February 29th.)

H. N. Murphy, 28, Pembrey Road, Llanelly (No. 15743—February 29th.)

G. W. Barkus, 13, Church Street, Melton Mowbray (No. 5105—February 29th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 21st:—

1955; 2355; 2471; 3587; 5305; 5763; 5760; 9796; 22456; 26460; 28247; 28340; 29967; 31213; 34423; 37793; 42494; 44224; 45233; 56070; 56187; 59675; 59096; 59515; 63572; 65860; 70114; 70957; 74246; 74668; 77398; 82706; 88221; 88807; 89819; 91301; 95947; 96092; 97019; 97517; 98498; 99780; 100854; 101310; 102632; 103927; 106116; 109061; 109100; 109650; 110433.

Initial noughts should be disregarded, but final ones are, of course reckoned.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our issue dated May 30th (Published May 28th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For ascertaining that there were eight babies in a crowd of between 300,000 and 400,000 persons,
THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a bad boy spent "in pennies in miscellaneous articles, 1s. 9½d.,"
THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for an "experienced person to wash one day weekly,"
MRS. W. D. GORTON (of Rodborough)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For offering her services as a typist and announcing that she has "undesirable references,"
AN ADVERTISER IN THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a book which "shows how accounts should be kept in order to reduce the cost of auditing to a maximum,"
THE *BREWER & WINE MERCHANT*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing 2s. a stone as "about one farthing a pound,"
THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the members of an Arctic Expedition "wintered for twelve months in Franz Joseph Land,"
THE *DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alleging that "blustering winds and pea-soup fogs render London uninhabitable,"
THE EDITOR *OF OUR HOME*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the party which was once Conservative is now marching with its Protectionist banners and melodies, DRAGGING *its leader* IN FRONT OF IT,"
A *DAILY NEWS* LEADER-WRITER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the only way out of the difficulty is to erect subways,"
A CORRESPONDENT OF THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following beautiful piece of English in the "Morning Leader": *"The word 'Fun,' printed in neat black letters in the lower left-hand corner of the invitation-card, conveyed so little to young man) he somewhat euphemistic- out what (with the ridiculous affectation of age and experience of the modern young man), he somewhat euphemistically termed 'the savings of a lifetime,' and placed a second pair of white gloves in his overcoat pocket,"*
MR. SYDNEY MARCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a girl and requiring that she should be a "good penman,"
AN ADVERTISER IN THE *LEICESTER MERCURY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For offering to WHITEWASH *kitchens any colour, "including red,"*
MR. ANDREW DARROCK, OF GREENOCK,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing on March 21, 1908, that the "French cruiser 'Sfax' will land Captain Dreyfus from Devil's Island at Brest,"
THE EDITOR OF *THE RED LETTER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a reader on Shrove Tuesday "was tossing a pancake which unfortunately fell on his poor bald head and burnt-all his hair off,"
THE *WEEKLY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

PLAIN WORDS TO MY LEADER.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Mr. Asquith is the head of the Liberal party—and I am its tail; and just as a beggar may look at a king, or a mouse at a mountain, so may I take leave to unburden myself of a few things which are in what the poverty of our language compels me to call my mind. I claim to be the senior member for London proper, and, although I did not graduate at the County Council and am, consequently, a poor authority on main drainage and other municipal problems, I think I possess a fairly keen scent for the trend of things. And, from a party point of view, I don't like the way they are going.

So now, my dear Mr. Asquith, let us have a chat.

First, a word or two about yourself. Are you *quite* the best man for the Premiership? Believe me or not, you have no warmer admirer in all the House than I. Your speeches are, to me, an intellectual feast of great joy. I love to watch you toying like a giant with the pigmies round about you. You are a Derby horse amongst Selling Platers. But even Derby horses are sometimes a source of anxiety and uncertainty. They have been known to be hot-headed, and strong pullers, and fractious at the post. And then we usually exercise them with a sound old Plater until we get them right. Well, you are the Derby horse and I am the Plater.

Now, rightly or wrongly, you are not regarded by the rank and file of the party with confidence or even hope. You are, they say, incapable of feeling enthusiasm, and therefore also of inspiring it. You are peculiarly distasteful to the extremists of the party. They cannot forget or forgive the incident of the Featherstone riots, and they refuse to believe that your nature has altered since that unfortunate event. Going about among Radical clubs, I have found a considerable number of men murmuring that they did not intend to trouble much about politics now that a Whig had secured the leadership. Of course, such an outburst was bound to occur, and the discontent may not be permanent if only you can be prevailed upon to adopt a conciliatory attitude. But I fear that conciliation is entirely foreign to your nature.

Let me remind you of one little incident, which will illustrate the point. I think it was early last session. Watson Rutherford, who is not a stickler for the amenities, was speaking, and you rose to correct something he was saying. Contrary to recognised custom, he declined to give way, and remained on his feet, with the result that, with flushed face, you had to sit down. A little later you were replying to his speech, and he in turn rose to make a correction. I watched the whole thing with deep, but, as far as I could judge, solitary, interest. "Here," thought I, "is a fine opportunity for Asquith. With the recollection of Rutherford's rudeness fresh on its mind, the House will indeed appreciate the contrast when Asquith, with a significant bow, at once sits down." But what did you do? Again your cheeks flushed. "No, sir," you hissed out, "I will do as the hon. member did"—and, ye gods, the party cheered you to the echo! Just as some of them yelled themselves hoarse with offensive epithets when a new member recently took his seat.

However, accession to a high position often works wonders. Before now we have seen a gay, irresponsible spark suddenly acquire the gravity of a judge and the dignity of a diplomatist when promoted to preside over a dog-fight. Perhaps, then, you may become more human now that you have been called upon to look after the national dog-fight. In other words, you may step down from your intellectual pedestal, and be just one of us. After all, the House of Commons is not the Oxford Union. Taken as a whole, we are a dull lot, and are easily moved or amused or satisfied.

And now a word as to your Ministry. You had a fine opportunity of reviving the fortunes of the Party by getting rid of all the old gang and the feeble folk. It was all very well for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, before he knew his strength, to conciliate all sections by the display of respectable names. But a heterogeneous Ministry is never a practical success. "England does not love coalitions" said the shrewdest statesman of modern times. I quite recognise the difficulty and the delicacy of the position in which you were placed, and, without being invidious, I admit you have done something, and maybe ere long you will do more. But what about the new appointments? Why didn't you set the example of putting the right men in the right places? For instance, when Lord Elgin left the Colonial Office, wasn't that the natural promotion for Mr. Churchill, whose two years' experience and recent tour surely are now thrown away? Then the Board of Education became vacant, and instead of offering it to Dr. Macnamara, who knows all about its duties, you send him to the Admiralty. You had the Under-Secretaryship for War at your disposal and Colonel Seely at your service. But here, again, was a man who had made a special study of Army matters, and so you sent him elsewhere. You evidently believe in government by permanent officials.

And your policy? So far as you have yet unfolded it, you mean to force the pace with that unhappy measure, the Licensing Bill. I don't at the moment dwell upon its merits. Personally, I think it unnecessary and unjust, and mischievous from the temperance point of view. But, though it were a direct revelation from above, *you*, at any rate, must know that it endangers the very existence of your Government. Hastings and Peckham have gone, and if North-West Manchester is kept, it will be due to the personality of Mr. Churchill, and to that alone. Drop it, my dear Mr. Asquith—drop it. You will require all your powder and shot for the Budget. No more "commencements of the nucleus" of great social reforms, if you please. And the House of Lords? I beseech you, let us hear no more of that wonderful scheme of last year. Mend it, or end it.

And your Irish policy? Will you succeed in appeasing Mr Redmond and his men? You know that at present they all distrust you—unjustly perhaps, but there it is. And, perhaps also, you don't quite trust them. To which of your colleagues will you lean—Haldane and Grey, or Birrell and Lloyd-George? Ireland, too, remember, does not love coalitions. Already the Irish leader has disowned you—which only goes to show that in politics, as in everything else, you must be one thing or the other. I don't think you *are* a Home Ruler—any more than you are a rabid teetotaler.

And the Labour party? What really did happen about Henderson? Don't forget these Old Age Pensions—"non-contributory and universal," bear in mind. A big order, isn't it? But it is their irreducible minimum. Of course, they won't get it—for I don't think you will dare to upset the conventions of the Treasury. And it is too early to expect Lloyd-George to do much.

Well, in a few days' time I hope to hear your plans. With all my heart, I wish you well. But to achieve success you must MAKE UP YOUR MIND. Away with fads and cranks and wasters; don't attempt to accomplish by legislation what natural evolution alone can do; take no hand in the eternal quarrel between the Chapels and the Churches—that, like the drink evil, will in time remedy itself; DO THE NATION'S BUSINESS—which is the sole function of the politician—and leave its morals alone. They are the sphere of the parson, the poet and the parent. Leave the job to them.

May Good Health, Good Luck and Good Temper attend you.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 389.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET, RATS!

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

The latest pronouncement of "Medical Science" is a declaration of war *à outrance* against the rat!

It is needful that he should be immediately exterminated; otherwise very dreadful things may happen. Whoever could have supposed that the almost invisible rodent, with which we so rarely come in contact, should be such an insidious messenger of evil? But Sir Lauder Brunton and Sir James Crichton-Browne declare that he is. They have accordingly banded themselves, with other highly influential personages of the medical scientific order, to preach a Rat-Crusade. What they tell us must, of course, be gospel. No one in these days dreams of disputing the behests of Medical Science.

It appears that the plague which so ruthlessly decimates our Indian possessions, and in 1905 translated no fewer than 1,040,429 natives to another and, perhaps, a better world, is actually the work of the rat. That murderous mammal may one day bring it hither, with the result of a considerable diminution in the redundant population, and a possible opening for the future incursion of Macaulay's New Zealander. So, naturally, the rat is doomed. For none can doubt that the august medicos aforesaid mean what they say; and are bent upon adding yet another to the already sufficiently long list of creatures extinguished by the March of Civilisation. The only question is, how are they going to do it? To any commonplace, non-scientific individual there may seem insuperable difficulties in the way. Assuredly, however, those will vanish like a wreath of smoke when "Medical Science" girds up its loins to attack them.

But haven't our learned and august medical prophets got rather on the wrong tack, even from their own specially-selected point of view? Another great scientist, non-medical, certainly thinks so; and has plainly set forth his reasons in the *Daily Telegraph*. He even goes so far as to assert that this repulsive rodent keeps the plague away from our shores; and is, on the whole, to be regarded as friend rather than foe. To quote the words of Sir E. Ray Lankester, probably the greatest name in English biology at the present era: "We are not yet sure that the Norwegian grey rat is not a blessing in disguise."

The same high authority tells us that there be rats and rats. Two sorts have we here, the grey Norwegian and the black; the former being commonly supposed to have driven away the latter, the true English rat. In my youth it was said that the black rat had become extinct here, except on Lundy Island. That appears now to be incorrect. He still lingers in certain spots, one of which is the City of London. Another is Great Yarmouth. The black rat is a house-rat. The grey inhabits *sewers*, not the dwellings of man. In those he appears only when there is something wrong with the drains, being thus a useful sentinel of danger.

Calcutta rejoices in both these species, with the addition of a third, the mole-rat. All the three kinds suffer from the plague. But only the black and the mole rats are bitten by a particular kind of flea, *which also bites man*, and communicates the plague to him. The grey rat has a larger flea of its own, which it keeps very properly to itself, and which so far is not known to have bitten man. And so Sir Ray Lankester says significantly: "The disappearance of plague in Western Europe seems to correspond in date with the arrival of the grey rat."

He thinks the grey rat has saved us by driving off the black; and is thus disposed to give it credit for our present immunity from the terrible Indian scourge. And now Medical Science organises a society to kill it. Such is human gratitude, as interpreted by M.S.!

But in the whole adventure, as regarded from a technical point of view, sundry other screws appear to be uncommonly loose. Dr. Charles Creighton's is a name fairly well known in scientific circles; and he does not seem at all satisfied with the rat-and-flea theory of plague. Rats may help in the propagation of that malady; but they only count as one among many other insanitary factors. In a paper read about three years ago Dr. Creighton communicated to the Indian Section of the Society of Arts the results of a local study of plague-conditions. The natives live in huts built of mud, on soil reeking with organic filth, which swarms with malignant microbes. The mud walls are porous, and are usually in a crumbling condition. The ground-air, laden with bacteria, rises into them as into a ventilating shaft, under the fierce heat of the tropic sun. Every sanitary precaution is neglected.

It is in these assemblages of crowded, filthy, dilapidated hovels that the plague-epidemics always originate; and the disease is continuously present. That is an ascertained fact, which cannot excite surprise. But this attempt to concentrate public attention on rats and their parasites, while such conditions of existence are allowed to pass unregarded and unchecked, is plainly—even assuming the guilt of the rat, which is far from being satisfactorily proved—to divert it from hygienic details far more imperatively demanding its consideration. Moreover, experts have solemnly testified before the Royal Commission on Vivisection that *before* the introduction of the anti-toxin nostrums, which are now so unsatisfactorily prominent, the plague rarely attacked Europeans at all. It confined itself to the native quarters. So, then, why this fuss about the possible introduction of the plague into our clime? On the face of things such a contingency seems highly improbable, whatever may have been the case three centuries ago.

The truth is that the current vogue of vivisection methods and ideas is apt to land us in some very strange vagaries, of which this grandiose Rat-Killing Association is the latest. Occasionally it is something worse than a vagary, as when at Mulkowal, in the Punjab, a whole village was wiped out in 1902 by inoculations with Haffkine's anti-plague serum.

Whenever will the Faculty awake from its lethargy, and once again cultivate observation and common-sense in place of spurious "medical science"? One would have thought that the notorious fiascoes of Koch at Berlin in 1891, of the Hyderabad Chloroform Commission in 1889, of the Pasteur Institute (though that bubble has not yet completely collapsed), might well have enlightened them. But no stimulus has yet proved sufficiently strong to lift the dead-weight of vivisection inertia.

In the Malvern Hydropathic case, recently, a well-known medical officer of health told the Court how he had inadvertently drunk the tumbler of water in which he had previously placed his typhoid germs. There were no ill effects. So, some twenty years back, Dr. Klein, in order to testify his disbelief in the cholera microbe, discovered by Professor Koch, purposely swallowed a glassful of the creatures; and subsequently went to India rejoicing.

Yet, in face of such experiences, and of many other facts gravely impugning the accuracy of the theories upon which the fashionable Serum Therapy treatment is based—we learn from witnesses before the Royal Vivisection Commission that the Government of India is pushing the Anti-Typhoid and Anti-Plague *Sera* with all its official might. The former is much used in the Army. Military doctors are strenuously urged to inoculate with it. Poor Tommy Atkins! Many catastrophes and *bêtises*, both in Government and in medical circles, would be averted by a saving sense of humour. Can no one persuade the Medical Faculty to cultivate this, albeit ever so little? Then we should not encounter such fantastic propositions as that here in question—proposals which make us wonder how any practical scientist can stand sponsor to them. Sir Lauder Brunton, it is true, hails from North of the Tweed. But that most amiable and eloquent of after-dinner speakers, Sir J. Crichton-Browne—*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

ORF!

I'm orf!
Orf w'ere the London weather ain't!
Fer this climit, on me word,
Is gittin' too absurd;
Fust, it freezes all me bones,
An' mykes me feet lyke stones,
Then it chingeth to a thaw,
Then shifts from mild to raw,
Then thickens to a fog
Till all men go incog.:
Frost! Fog! Rain!
Sime again:
Sich awful things are said
In langwidge that is red—
I'm orf!

Kennington Cross.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER,
124, Holborn, E.C.

We warn our readers against having any dealings with this firm. They are "wrong 'uns"—that is to say, they are cover snatchers, fraudulent stock and share dealers, sham bankers, bogus financial experts and pests of society.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

THE BALKAN COMMITTEE.

By P.O'T.

John Westlake, Noel Buxton, W. A. Moore, Alfred Stead, and you others that are the Prisoners at the Bar, hold up your hands. After a patient and impartial trial, you have been found guilty of conspiring together under the name of the Balkan Committee to obtain political credit by false pretences, and of behaving in a manner calculated to provoke a breach of international peace. In this verdict I entirely concur.

Antecedents.

In deciding upon the sentence which I have to pass, I must be guided to a great extent by your previous records. In many cases a Judge does well to discountenance a recapitulation of previous convictions, whereby prejudice is aroused. But you have always courted publicity, and have even gloried in your acts. No injustice, therefore, will be done to you if I allow you to be judged by your own words and deeds; in fact, I may be doing you a service by drawing attention to the scantiness of your following and the meanness of your efforts. If your counsel had been more ably instructed, he would have emphasised that aspect of your crimes rather than the misguided benevolence of your intentions. I will, therefore, recall the fact that you have only been engaged upon your conspiracy during five years, not, after all, a very long period in the history of Europe. I will also admit that your attempts to make mischief have never been attended by any large measure of success. But you have certainly attracted a far larger amount of attention than any personal merits of your own can justify. And when I say that, I am endorsing the first count of the charge which has been brought home to you.

Insignificance.

You have afforded the world a very striking example of the extraordinary amount of noise which is to be obtained from an empty instrument.

Evidence of Character.

I will, therefore, state briefly who you are, so that there may be no further misunderstanding. You, Westlake, figure as President, and must therefore bear a large share of the blame, even though some allowance may be made for the plea of your advocate, that you are only a modest professor, and have been used as a cat's-paw. You, Noel Buxton, have avowed yourself to be Chairman, and your strenuous activity in the promulgation of inexactitudes is well-known. You, Moore, are the Secretary, whose signature has endorsed the various libels of your propaganda. For the rest, you are divided into two committees, General and Executive. The former, I take it, is intended to occupy an ornamental position, but that does not exonerate its members from responsibility for the misdeeds of their more active colleagues.

The General Committee consists of twenty-six prisoners. Two of them are ladies, two are undischarged peers, three are professors, one is the headmaster of an unimportant school, four are clergymen of no particular prominence, and six are utterly unknown. If this were their first offence, I might be tempted to deal leniently with them, but I am assured by the police that it would be dangerous to leave them at large. As for the remainder, I must express my regret that you, my Lord Bishop of Stepney, should have thought fit to bring your high office into contempt. You, Wilson, have brought discredit upon the House of Commons, whereof I regret to find that you are a Member, and you have further aggravated your guilt by frequent contributions to the *Daily News*, a yellow journal of the baser sort. Some allowance might have been made for you, Pethick Lawrence, because you helped to terminate the existence of a still more nauseous publication, which was known as the *Echo*, but you persisted in preaching all manner of heresies, even after you had obtained an opportunity for repose. You, Chesterton, are mainly notorious as the feeble imitator of a literary libertine named Shaw, and you would have done better to restrict yourself to the composition of eccentric essays, which are rendered harmless by the fact that no sensible person reads them. You, Albert Spicer, have a previous conviction against you in respect of unnecessary missions in Samoa and India, and would do well to return to your business as a wholesale stationer. You, Macdonald, are a notorious busybody, who may be muzzled, with advantage to the community. Finally, you, Charles Trevelyan, and you, George Macaulay Trevelyan, must be regarded as hardened offenders, though your natural insubordination has undoubtedly been inherited.

Ringleaders.

I now come to the more serious culprits, known as the Executive Committee and consisting of twenty-eight prisoners. Fifteen of you are so far unknown as to have escaped notice by the compilers of reference books, and I admit that your support of the conspiracy has been moral rather than overt. Four of you are comparatively silent Members of Parliament, and that is a fact which may be noted to your credit. You, Arthur Evans, have already served a term in prison for taking part in a Dalmatian insurrection. Against you, Gardiner, it is enough to say that you now edit the *Daily News*; against you, Crook, that you once edited the *Echo*, commonly called the *Hiccough*. I will not allude particularly to those of you who are merely unimaginative scribblers, but I cannot altogether pass you over, Alfred Stead and Nevinson, who have allowed your fancies to run riot in Servia and the Congo State. As sensational journalists, you were already suspected persons, and you, Stead, in particular have earned for yourself an unenviable notoriety by following in the footsteps of an eccentric father and extending his sympathies to modern murderers. I am now left with two prisoners belonging to the Executive Committee, namely Charles Frederick Masterman and Annan Bryce, whose amiable dispositions have been warped by ill-balanced minds and a distorted sense of proportion.

Finance.

Your names and careers ought to have been sufficient to convince the most innocent of your nonentity. But as the vulgar and thoughtless are always prone to take fools at their own valuation, I may as well emphasise your weakness by a brief reference to your subscription list. After all, those who pay the piper usually claim some right to call the tune, and when you beat the big drum, it is well that we should know who are the persons who inspire the direction of your march. During the year 1906 your sinews of war amounted to the princely sum of £240 16s. 7d. Out of this £84 18s. was subscribed by ladies, £33 by two Buxton brothers, £25 by Mr. George Cadbury of the *Daily News*, and £25 by Sir John Brunner. Most of the other contributors are obscure.

Meanwhile, we are left to reflect over the fact that you are neither more nor less than the mouthpieces of Sir John Brunner, Messrs. Cadbury and Buxton, and a few sentimental ladies, who know little or nothing about the conditions of Macedonia. No doubt they are very eloquent and convincing when they shake their curls over their tea-cups, but I am not yet altogether convinced of their right to dictate a policy to Europe or to engross the attention of statesmen.

I shall also remember that, out of your income of £240, you spent no less than £144 8s. 6d. in salaries, and most of the balance in office expenses. And I suppose I may gauge the hold which your missionary enterprise has secured over the public by the fact that less than £6 sufficed for your "meetings and travelling expenses." I trust that you will not consider me personal or inquisitive because I have revealed these names and figures, and that your well-known zeal for truth will reconcile you to my exposure of your insignificance.

Sentence.

My difficulty in dealing with you is that, whereas some of you are pestilent agitators, for whom even penal servitude would be a lenient punishment, most of you are more or less crazy dupes, whose importance would only be increased by anything in the nature of martyrdom. I have therefore decided, after much hesitation, to follow the precedent which magistrates have set in the case of those disorderly women who agitate for female suffrage. The sentence of the Court is, and the Court doth award that, each and all of you do enter into recognisances of £5,000 to be of good behaviour during the next twelve years. You are, however, to understand that my extraordinary leniency will not be repeated, and that, should you offend again, you may very easily be sent to prison for the rest of your natural lives. Or, what is perhaps very much the same thing, you may be detained in criminal lunatic asylums during the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey.

SHAKESPEARE AS HE SHOULD BE.

By Richard Morton.

These are the days of mushroom reputations, and people like Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli receive more attention than they are properly entitled to. Meanwhile, the words of the really great command but slight consideration; their works are shelved and seldom handled; their masterpieces are neglected, while the pot-boiler flourishes like a green bay tree.

Mr. Shaw, for instance, founded his present reputation and earned an ephemeral fame by decrying the writings of a predecessor of his in the realm of drama, an author whose plays are, at the least, equal in importance to "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Arms and the Man." I refer to the late Mr. William Shakespeare, who has had the double misfortune to incur Mr. Shaw's displeasure and to inspire the cut of Mr. Caine's beard.

It has, therefore, become the fashion among unthinking people to deny the potency and charm of Mr. Shakespeare's plays. His language is cavilled at, his plots mercilessly derided, and even his historical accuracy has been questioned. Criticism in these decadent days is employed to belittle him and to raise a tin god or two in his place. Critics of the modern school would dethrone Mr. Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and put in its place Mr. Shaw's "Captain Brassbound," Mr. John Lawson's "Humanity," or Mr. Wal Pink's "Toffy's Trotter."

It is to protest against such a literary desecration that I write these few lines. I would point out that Mr. Shakespeare is still the boss of the dramatic show. I know that numbers of good folk object to the theatre, but I would urge that the best thoughts of the dead giant are extant in print and may be studied apart from the footlights. There are other persons "who can't read plays," and therefore miss the beauties of the Bard of Avon, beauties they would assuredly appreciate if they were set down in plain English instead of being cast in a dramatic mould. It is certainly a nuisance when a reader is faced by restrictions as to length of line, enunciation, pronunciation, rhythm, and other crudities inseparable from compositions intended to be delivered on the boards.

I feel that it would conduce to the rehabilitation of Mr. Shakespeare's standing as a classical author if his writings were reduced to a form readily comprehended by the ordinary reader. As an example in point, I have endeavoured to crystallise one of his most famous efforts into a more popular shape, and have for this purpose taken his well-known and highly meritorious soliloquy by Hamlet, the gentleman who is said to have been a Prince of Denmark.

In deference to the spirit of the age, and with a view to disproving the contentions of the critics, I have divested the passage of its theatrical trappings and have ruthlessly sacrificed the rules of versification that so sorely hampered the genius of the poet. This is my new version:—

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

"Shall I, or shan't I? That's what worries me;
I can't decide if it's best to put up with them when you get more kicks than ha'pence,
Or whether it is better to give the other fellow a kick in the neck and so stop all further annoyance.
Then, when we hand in our checks, it is no more than just going to sleep,
And when we go to bye-bye, we forget the headache, heart-ache, and stomachache, and all the other worries that doctors tell us we are liable to. Well, that's all right—if it comes off!
But suppose you dream? Ah, that's a tickler, isn't it?
For, if we dream now, what are we likely to dream when the long sleep comes?
That's the kind of thought that pulls us up pretty sharp.
For who would chance his luck in the world,—
Being sat on daily; being given the go-by;
Having one's best girl pair off with another fellow; waiting to hear the verdict;
Trying to find civility in a post-office;
And being so meek that everybody takes advantage of us,
When, all the while, we have it in our power to *git out of it* at any moment?
Only—we don't, any of us, much fancy visiting that unknown destination for which no return tickets are issued!
We'd sooner put up with the troubles we have
Than run about looking for more!
And don't you think that's wise?"

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THE PARSON AND THE "PUB."

LIST OF CLERICAL SHAREHOLDERS.—VII.

We give below a further instalment of our list of clerical shareholders in brewery and allied companies :—

	Pref.	Ord.
Bentleys Yorkshire Breweries, Ltd.		
Austen, Rev. Ben., Belvedere, Walmer, Kent.....	30	..
Burton, Rev. B. C., Cherry Burton, nr Beverley....	..	50
Cave, Rev. Thos. S., St. James' Vic., Handsworth..	12	..
Horner, Rev. G. J., Wigginton Rectory, York.....	..	5
Irvin, Rev. A. J. E., The Vicarage, Woodlesford....	..	500
Pritchett, Rev. Norman, 62, The Terrace, Gravesend	50	..
Shuffrey, Rev. Wm. A., Arncliffe Vic., Skipton....	10	..
Sunderland, Rev. J., The Vicarage, Egginton, Beds.	..	2
Kingsley and Thackeray Hotels, Ltd.		
	Pref.	Ord.
Callis, Rev. J., South Heigham Rectory, Norwich..	100	..
Omand, Rev. Donald E., 6, Atholl Place, Perth....	85	15
Vardon, Rev. Stanley A., Langton Vic., Tun. Wells	10	10
Hill, Rev. Thos., Vicarage, N. Somercotes, Lincs...	25	10
Maltman, Rev. P., United Free Ch., Manse Meigle	100	..
Macley, Rev. Wm., The Manse, Johnstone, Ren'shire	75	25
Muir, Rev. J., Manse, Kirkoswald, Ayrshire N.B...	75	25
Watson, Rev. Wm., School House, Kingsbridge, Devon	250	50
Neill, Rev. C., c.o. Char. Bk. of India, &c., Hatton Ct.	200	50
Falconer, Rev. J., Tunstead Vic., Stacksteads, M'ster	10	10
Cowan, Rev. Chas. E. L., H.M.S. *Nelson*, Portsmouth	125	25
Climpson, Rev. William, Pelsall Vicarage, Walsall..	30	10
Stewart, Rev. J. W., Ennerdale Rd., Cleator Moor	50	..
Broadhead, Rev. Thos. W., 72, Redlam Witton, ..	16	5
Haworth, Rev. J. S., Eirianfa, Llangollen, N. Wales	100	..
Bacon, Rev. J. M., Coldash, Newbury.....	30	10
Harries, Rev. G. H., Townhall St., Grimsby.....	100	..
Gardiner, Rev. J. S. J., Black Torrington Rec., Devon	35	15
Curtoys, Rev. Wm. F. D., Cromhall Rec., Gloucester	6	..
Allnutt, Rev. R. L., Wych House, High Wycombe..	100	..
Brailsford, Rev. Ed. J., 11, West Parade, Lincoln..	10	..
Jones, Rev. W. P., Greenfields, Cwmllynfell, Swansea	20	..
Blissard, Rev. Wm., Bishopsbourne, Canterbury..	85	15
Lewes, Rev. P., Manse, Chipping Campden, Glos...	40	10
Jowett, Rev. J. H., Clydesdale, Oxford Rd., Birm'ham	100	..
The Queen Hotel, Harrogate, Ltd.		*Deb.*
Allen, Rev. Geo. C., Cranleigh, Surrey		55
Crisford, Rev. Alex. T., Ovington Rec., Watton, Norfolk		56
Davenport, Rev. Wm., Buscot Rectory, Lechlade, Berks.		20
Hamilton, Rev. George, Middleton Rectory, Saxmundham		28
Palmer, Rev. Greville H., Heywood Park, Maidenhead..		80
Williams, Rev. Herbert A., Sheering Harlow, Essex ..		27
The Carlton Hotel, Ltd.		*Ord.*
Baylie, Rev. Henry R., 56, Lansdowne Rd., Croydon ..		20
Northey, Rev. Ed. W., Woodcote House, Epsom.....		500
Smith, Rev. Geo., Summer's Hotel, Fulwood, Preston..		250
Gwalia Hotel, Ltd. (Llandrindod Wells).		*Ord.*
Husband, Rev. Peter, Parrock Lodge, Gravesend, Kent..		60
Williams, Rev. David H., Clyffard Cres., Newport, Mon.		60
Gwalia Hotel (London), Ltd.	*Pref.*	*Ord.*
Griffiths, Rev. P. H., 11, Fieldsway House, Highbury	30	20
Coburg Hotel Co., Ltd.		*Pref.*
Auster, Rev. Geo., The Rectory, Whitby, Yorks.		330
Barber, Rev. Thomas G., 10, Highfield Rd., Doncaster..		..
Bingham, Rev. O. S., Thornbury House, Isleworth....		200
Rochester, Very Rev. Dean of, The Deanery, Rochester		150
Boardman's United Breweries, Ltd.		
	Ord.	*Pref.*
Inge, Rev. John E. A., Gayton Rectory, Alford, Lincs.	6	10
Strand Hotel, Ltd.		*Shares.*
Adler, Rev. M., 38, Hallam Street, Portland Place, W.		100
Bowden, Rev. Henry A., Udimore Vicarage, Rye, Sussex		25
Cockayne, Rev. Henry, The Rectory, Kirkley, Lowestoft		20
Davies, Rev. D. C., Park Villa, St. Clears, Carmarthenshire		40
Golding, Rev. J. P., Glenwood Avenue, Westcliff, Essex		5
Hargreaves, Rev. F. M., 1, Adelaide Place, Windsor....		30
Isaacs, Rev. Gatchell, 25A, Parkholme Rd., Dalston, N.		75
Johnson, Rev. Geo. Alex., Witham Rectory, Louth, Lincs.		10
Kirkham, Rev. Geo. H., Whetford Parsonage, Fairford, Glos.		10
Morgan, Rev. David, Llanstephan Vic., Llyswen, Radnor		40
McCheane, Rev. H. D., Cumberland Walk, Tun. Wells..		15
Roberts, Rev. J. D., St. Swithin's Vic., Hither Green Lane		25
Shepherd, Rev. R. B., 75, Woodland Road, Bristol....		25
Tait, Rev. G. A., Bishop's Court, Sevenoaks		10
Teitelbaum, Rev. T. A., Bulvan Rectory, Romford, Essex		10
Whigham, Rev. L. R., West End Vic., near Southampton		10
Harlow Manor Hydropathic Co., Ltd.		
Hall, Rev. Walter, Easedale, Grange over Sands.....		75
The Piccadilly Hotel, Ltd.		
		Shares.
Cox, Rev. John C., 12, Hartfield Sq., Eastbourne.....		100
Gwilliam, Rev. Samuel T., Hampton Foyle Rec., Oxford		10
Turpin, Rev. Julian J., Hunningham Vic., Leamington Spa		100
Woodhouse, Rev. Fred. Chas., Trinity Vic., Folkestone		200
Phœnix Brewery Co., Ltd.		*Ord.*
Ellerbeck, Rev. E. M., Chipperfield Vic., King's Langley		62
Chadwick, Rev. W. E., 79, King St., Manchester.....		30
Langham Hotel, Ltd.		*Ord.*
Compton, Rev. P. M., Mapperton House, Beauminster..		17
Hutchinson, Rev. F. E., Tisbury Vicarage, Salisbury..		15
Mayor, Rev. J. B., Queen's Gate House, Norbiton, Surrey		200
Craigside Hydropathic, Ltd.	*Ord.*	*Pref.*
Gaskell, Rev. A. H., Glendevon, Huyton, Liverpool	100	..
Harris, Rev. Evan F., Richester Rectory, Preston	15	10
Sargeant, Rev. Chas. N., Christchurch Vic., Oldham	50	..
Terry, Rev. Chas. J., 4, Palgrave Mans., Eastbourne ..		400
W. G. Phillips & Sons' Co., Ltd.	*Ord.*	*Pref.*
Phillips, Rev. Percy R., The Parsonage, Ottershaw..	60	28
Robert Deuchar, Ltd.		*Pref.*
Van Reppersteers, Rev. G., S. Mary's, E. Hartlepool....		10
The Alexandra Hotel Co., Ltd.		*Shares.*
Ince, D.D., Canon William, Christchurch, Oxford ..		28
Wyatt, Rev. Charles F., Broughton Rectory, Banbury		50
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Clark, Rev. John M., Aborfield, Weybridge		15
Hawkshaw, Rev. Edward B., Weston-under-Penyard, Ross		40
Hitchcock, Rev. Canon W. M., Parke View, Bovey Tracey		35
Worsley, Rev. Rayah P., Rectory, Little Penton, Grantham		13

THE PRIEST AND THE CHILD.

In our issue of April 4th, we directed attention to the case of a girl of thirteen, named Gwendoline Scale. Her mother, her only remaining parent, had died a few weeks earlier, and the child had been handed over to the Rev. Canon Murnane, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Camberwell, by a woman named Brady, of 7, Penford Street, Myatts Park, Camberwell, in whose house the mother died, but who had no authority whatever to dispose of the child. We stated further that the nearest relatives of the child, Mr. Clifford Scale and Mrs. Pelling, the one her uncle and the other her aunt, desired to know the whereabouts of the child, the aunt being anxious to give her a home, and that the Rev. Canon Murnane has persistently refused to give them, or either of them, the information, all that can be got from him being that he has placed the child "at a good school in the country." We quoted the reply of the Canon to a letter we had written to him on the subject—a very discourteous reply—in which he again refused information.

Mrs. Pelling has once more called upon us to complain that, notwithstanding renewed and repeated applications to Canon Murnane, she and the uncle of the child are kept in ignorance of her whereabouts, and she asks what she is to do, she being a poor woman, and not justified in incurring the costs inseparable from appeal to the Law.

We have advised Mrs. Pelling to put the whole matter before the Home Secretary, expressing our belief that Mr. Gladstone will give it his careful attention. We venture to make a special appeal to the right hon. gentleman to do so. We have taken the greatest possible pains to get at the truth of the matter, and we are satisfied that the facts are as we have stated them. A decent woman dies in lodgings, dies in the house of a Roman Catholic. She leaves a child of thirteen, and before relatives can come and take the child away, the woman of the house takes her to the Rev. Canon Murnane. We should have thought that before this rev. gentleman consented to accept the custody of the child he would have satisfied himself that the woman of the house, Mrs. Brady, had authority for handing the child over to him, and if through misapprehension of the facts, moved by the belief that the child had no home to go to, the Canon took charge of her without consulting her kinsfolk, we should have supposed that when those kinsfolk came to him and asked to be put in touch with the child, he would have immediately acceded to their most legitimate and natural request, Canon Murnane has interpreted his duty differently. According to our information, he has taken the child, and concealed her from those who have the right to her, and who are her natural guardians. We will not say more about it than this, that, assuming our information to be correct, and the facts as stated, Canon Murnane must be compelled in one way or another to disclose the whereabouts of the child. For the moment, we content ourselves with giving this renewed publicity to the matter in the assurance that the Secretary of State for the Home Department will see to it that the matter is put right, but if by any chance he does not move, we will see whether there are not other means of saving this poor child from further priestly interference.

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To Lord Winterton, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

Dear Lord Winterton,—You referred in a speech the other day to the retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and I am taking this early opportunity of stating that I do not regard your speech as being in good taste. "Although we deplore the cause," you are reported as having said, "it is curious that it has come on the eve of the Licensing Bill. Although I do not say it has been deliberately planned, the Government are no doubt glad of a breathing space." May I remind you, Lord Winterton, that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not only on a bed of sickness, but making a hard fight for his life? It was obvious to anyone that, in justice to his country, to himself, and to his colleagues, he could not any longer retain his office. The crisis sprang up amid the pathos of illness, and not out of the machinations of political *diablerie*. Let us exercise a little restraint and decency, my lord, even in politics.

John Bull.

To Timothy Michael Healy, Esq., M.P.

Dear Tim,—I suppose that my natural benevolence ought to make me rejoice whenever I hear of reunions and reconciliations, but there have been so many of them at one time or another in the Irish Party, and they have all endured for so short a time, that I cannot take them all very seriously. You were never intended by nature to live in loving fellowship with any man. Your whole career has been one of bitter, savage fighting, and, when you lacked opportunities of confronting your foes, you were just as pleased to have a brush with your colleagues. I do full justice to your verbal agility and the richness of your vocabulary; but my respect for you is not imbued with deep admiration, especially when I reflect upon your behaviour towards Mr. Parnell. If I were an Irish patriot I should prefer not to have you on my side, nor should I find it easy to forget that your action was one of the prime causes of the long delay which Home Rule has suffered. By the way, how do you reconcile your position as one of His Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, with your unrelenting opposition to the King's rule in Ireland?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. John Morley, O.M., etc., India Office, London.

Dear Mr. Morley,—Your forthcoming departure to the House of Lords would rather surprise me were I not able to explain your presence in that galley by the fact that for some reason Asquith thought you deserved a lifer and was determined that you should get it. It is merely a coincidence, I take it, that you and Fowler have given out almost the same announcement on the subject of your departure. I do not approve of this departmental overlapping, and I think that if you had consulted each other you would have been able to vary the literary expression of your happy thought. You both discovered at the same moment that the House of Commons was imposing too great a strain on your health, and that you must either relinquish your office or go upwards. I daresay I should have made a similar discovery myself, especially if a physician like Asquith put his hand on my pulse and advised me for my good. I prefer an elected Senate when and if I can get it, but if I can't get it, I am bound to add that I prefer it to be composed of men of your intellectual standard. It is not the defects of your qualities, but of your temperament, which has kept you in the background of the political hurly burly. Heaven never sent you to earth for the party game. You have the grit for the principle, it may be, but not the snap, and the nimbleness, and the grip for the play. With your serene outlook you see things large and whole, whereas in party it is more often than not essential that you should see them in bits, and look at them squint-eyed. Thus you have held a safe, if not a dazzling light, neither stumbling nor blundering in the dark. I regard this as high praise, and in that atmosphere of unruffled calm where men speak in whispers when they do not bore each other in silence, I do not doubt that you will continue to hold your office with that quiet and safe distinction which I have the pleasure to acknowledge.

John Bull.

To Mr. Hackenschmidt, Catch-as-catch-canner, London.

Mighty Hack,—From an interview with you which has appeared in one of the evening ha'porths, I gather that you lost your championship to Gotch not only because he poked his fingers in your eye, tried to pull off your ears, wrench off your largest toes, and skinned you in several places as if he were pickling onions, but because he was all over grease—"oiled from head to foot, and had evidently undergone that preparation for months." If all this is true, it lacks those elements of sportsmanship which Englishmen, and Russians who are accustomed to England, expect the world over. But you happened to choose to put your championship to risk in Chicago, and you ought to have known that you weren't out for a Sunday-school treat. Wrestling, as understood in Chicago, is apparently an athletic pursuit "all in"; and I am inclined to believe that you would by now have been canned and shipped to this country as prime corned beef if you had waited till Gotch had done with you, instead of walking off the stage. They would probably have done up your ears, eyes, and toes as extra special brawn. I did not see the match, of course, and I say all this subject to the qualification that your version of it is not coloured by the exaggeration of chagrin and disappointment. Some men, you know, are good winners, but bad losers.

John Bull.

To General Booth, Salvation Army, London.

General,—It has come to my notice that a Norwich journalist has been questioning you on the subject of food. You told him, I note, that you could still enjoy a potato with a little butter and salt; which seems to show that you haven't lived for nothing. A man who knows how to eat a potato has obviously got religion, and may be trusted adequately to appreciate a quail.

There is, however, one complaint you make against your fellow-creatures which seems to require elucidation. "Instead of bringing their appetites down to their food," you say, "they bring their food up to their appetites." Well, if they do, what's the idea? It seems to me that while buttered potato is very good, when that is all you are able to get through with at the time, it is sheer folly for a man who has a three-and-sixpenny appetite and can afford it to bring it down to half a kipper and a slice of yesterday's bake.

I agree that a man can take too much food. Some people take food till they haven't enough energy to come in out of the rain till they are pulled. If they are not at business you know you'll find 'em either at a ham and beef counter or coiled up comfy in a seven-course restaurant, yearning for the finest and richest Parisian ongtrays—made from what everybody left on their plates the day before yesterday. This kind of man has either made all the money he wants or is mortgaging his assets for his stomach's sake; and I take no stock in him at all. My approbation is for the one who makes a practice of sampling choice and ample menus at regular intervals not only because they make him joyful in his stomach, but because they stimulate his brain.

When a man has got an appetite that comes on regular, a religion that scrubs his heart clean every now and then when it wants washing, and an eye for business that does unto others as he knows that others would do to him, but does it first, he stands a pretty fair chance of living a long time on earth and having a good time in heaven. I'm in favour of a man having all the food he can find the time to eat and the money to pay for, always provided he remembers life isn't a fat cattle show, and that he isn't qualifying as a prize sow in it. It is pretty hard, my General, to get religion free from flaw, speck, stain, air-tight, weather-proof, and warranted genuine, on a seven-course appetite which has to bring itself down every day to a murphy in its jacket, even "with a little butter."

I may be mistaken in my judgment, but whenever I see a man with no meat on his osseous system I instinctively suspect that he has not been properly redeemed.

Our first duty is to look out for an adequate food supply, and anybody who thinks he's going to increase his capital account or make a greater certitude of salvation by saving ninety per cent. on his necessary victuals is not only living in the wrong street, but takes the risk of having an early funeral to boot. I commend these great and high thoughts to your consideration, my General, hoping that you will continue to eat well and enjoy yourself in your ripe and robust old age.

John Bull.

Getting off the Line.

John Bull: "What *is* the driver doing?"

IN THE CITY.

GENERAL BOOTH AND RHODESIA.

And so General Booth's ridiculous scheme for the colonisation of Rhodesia has fallen through. The following statement with respect to it has been issued from the Salvation Army Headquarters:—

> Great interest has from time to time been manifested in a project for the colonisation of Rhodesia, which has been put forward by the British South Africa Company, in co-operation with myself. The proposal received considerable consideration, and no little sympathy and encouragement from the Press.
>
> I now greatly regret to say that owing to the inadequate response of the British South Africa Shareholders to the appeal recently made for fresh capital, and, as a consequence, the inability of the Company to advance the necessary funds for an experimental effort, the undertaking must, for the present at any rate, be abandoned.

It is surprising that the Directors of the Chartered Company, or some of them, looked with approval on General Booth's suggestion. If they had taken the trouble to ascertain the views of the people already in Rhodesia, before committing themselves to General Booth, they might have been less ready to support him. General Booth proposed to take over several million acres of land, and to people them with individuals sent out from this country. Needless to say, it would be an excellent thing for Rhodesia, as for the Chartered Company, to people Rhodesia with desirable emigrants, but the emigrants sent out by General Booth were to be emigrants of the kind he has been sending to Canada, and in Canada they are anything but thankful to him for what he has done in this direction. It is one thing to send out to Rhodesia hale and vigorous men with capital at their command and quite another to send the waifs and strays collected by General Booth and his agents. No doubt the General would say that it was his intention to send only selected emigrants, but it is very unlikely the right class of men would be got to go out as nominees of General Booth. Why should they? Men with something in their pockets in the way of capital are not likely to brand themselves as belonging to the Booth contingents. If the directors of the Chartered Company want desirable settlers in Rhodesia they can get them, provided they go the right way to work. That right way is not to appeal to General Booth to sweep the streets and send out thousands of England's failures, but to offer conditions to good men with some capital at command that would give them a fair prospect of doing well in Rhodesia.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD.

We congratulate this company upon the net result of the year's working. Contrasted with the previous year, and notwithstanding the loss and inconvenience occasioned by the fire, and the fact that the debenture interest upon the increased issue was paid for the first time for the entire period, the directors are able to carry forward an additional sum of about £1,700, to increase the reserves by £2,000, and to maintain the dividend of 8 per cent. per annum upon the ordinary shares. The report refers to the purchase of the old-established business of Messrs. Benetfink and Co., of Cheapside, as an "exceptionally good bargain." The company has acquired practically the whole of the shares, and are in entire control of the business. The directors propose to increase the capital of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., by £100,000 divided into 50,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, and 50,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. This additional capital is required for the repayment of the loans advanced by Lloyds' Bank in connection with the purchase of Benetfink and Co., Ltd., and the head lease of their premises, and for the further new buildings. Moreover, having regard to the very rapid growth of the business, more capital is required to enable the directors to take full advantage of the cash discounts offered by manufacturers. It is only proposed to issue £80,000 of the additional capital at the present time, £40,000 in 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares at par, and £40,000 in Ordinary shares at a premium of 5s. per share. In allotting the new shares, preference will be given to existing shareholders who, we do not doubt, will avail themselves of this exceptional opportunity to secure a sound industrial investment.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 367 Westminster, 1765 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London. —Advt.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

The twenty-second annual general meeting of this Corporation was held a few days ago, and there was a chorus of congratulations upon the progress of the company. These congratulations rest upon a solid foundation of fact. In 1886 the premium income of the company was £2,600, last year it was £968,000. Twenty-two years ago the company had four district managers, one inspector, and about 200 agents. They have now fifty-two branch offices, some 800 salaried employees, and roughly 24,000 agents, doing business in all parts of the world, whilst the funds representing the security of the policy-holders reach nearly two millions. These are great results, and Mr. Norie-Miller and his able staff may well be congratulated upon them. At the same time we cannot help thinking that the prosperity of the company would be even more thoroughly assured if the management was more generous in its dealings with its policy-holders. We have had a good many complaints lately on this score as our readers know.

GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, LIMITED.

There are being offered for sale at the present time 120,000 Ordinary shares of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., at the price of 23s. per share. The total capital of the company is £600,000, divided into 60,000 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each and 300,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The company was formed in the year 1898, and the shares now offered for sale form a portion of the holding of one of the directors who contemplates retiring from the business. The company has done well since its formation ten years ago, the dividend distribution upon the Ordinary shares being at the rate of 7½ per cent. each year, with the exception of 1902–4, when it was at the rate of 10 per cent. The Reserve Fund amounts to £85,000, of which £31,000 is invested in Trustee Securities. The shares now offered seem attractive, but we have received a letter from Mr. Pomeroy Smithson, who writes to us from the Reform Club, as below:—

> The attention of intending investors in what is termed the new issue of shares by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, which is being largely advertised should be drawn to the fact that the last balance-sheet (only recently issued) shows debts owing by customers £95,000 and owing to creditors (otherwise wholesale houses and manufacturers) £60,000 and in view of the fact that this company has always professed to buy and sell for cash, it looks as if the system has been now abandoned, otherwise some explanation is necessary respecting these items; also as to why the balance-sheet has not been published with the other figures.

We think the directors may reasonably be asked for some explanation. We do not find reference to the matter in the report of the ordinary general meeting held a few days ago.

SIM v. BOTTOMLEY.

Sir James Laing and Sons, Ltd.

In our issue of February 29, 1908, we referred to the failure of Sir James Laing and Sons, Ltd., and we quoted a correspondent who criticised with considerable severity the capacity of some members of the company's staff, and the conduct and work of the drawing office. In the course of our remarks we referred to Mr. J. Sim in the following language:—

> "Then there was Mr. J. Sim, who was the 'Naval Architect' to the firm. What the precise duties of a Naval Architect in this connection may be we do not know. Other firms have chief draughtsmen."

That was meant to be our only reference to Mr. Sim, and it was not intended to suggest that he had not performed, or was not in every way competent to perform, the professional duties required of him. But Mr. Sim has read this paragraph in connection with the general criticism which he considers brings him within the scope of the disparaging and damaging remarks intended to apply to certain other members of the staff, and being the official responsible for the drawing office he also denies and complains of the statements with regard to that department. Under these circumstances we consider it our duty to

express our regret that those remarks which might be taken to apply to Mr. Sim, and to which Mr. Sim takes exception, appeared in our columns, and to withdraw in particular all allegations against the supervision and work of the drawing office, and to assure him that we had no intention of reflecting in any way upon his personal character or professional or administrative capacity.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CIGARETTE (Manchester).—Better have nothing to do with them. R. W. D. (York).—Have nothing to do with them. DILEMMA (Kilmarnock).—Our advice to you is to have no dealings with them. CYMRO (Willesden Green).—See previous answers. TRIMMER (Northampton).—Have nothing to do with them. E. C. (Leicester).—We know nothing of the Leicester people you name, but we strongly urge you to avoid Stock Exchange gambling. If you have money to invest, put it into sound securities, quoted on the Stock Exchange, and which can be sold at any moment if you want the use of your money, or some of it. Your banker will advise you what to buy. Ladies should never act in these matters, except upon the advice of persons of business knowledge and repute.

EGYPTIAN ESTATES.—T. H. G. (Buckfastleigh).—Your friend gave you honest advice, seeing that he put £309 into the shares, but it was less wise than honest. We should sell for what you can get, and cut the loss.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—RUTLAND (Diss).—We do not recommend it. A. H. G. C. (Lewisham).—Yes, the Birkbeck Bank is as good as any bank, and "as absolutely safe as the Bank of England," anyway, as safe for all practical purposes, its financial position being second to none. You cannot do better than deposit your £150 with it. The interest would be small, but the security complete. W. H. B. (Kingston-on-Thames).—We do not recommend it. BULLIVE (Gloucester).—See previous answer. M. D. (Dublin).—You say you are "intending to save 5s. or 10s. weekly," and you want to know if you shall put it in the Post Office Savings Bank, or one of the concerns that promise you a high rate of interest. Stick to the Savings Bank. L. B. (Lambeth).—Ditto.

SALE OF POLICY.—POLICY (Bedford Square).—Send us particulars as to when the policy was taken out, how much you have paid upon it, and other particulars bearing upon value. Also what you are willing to take for it.

BRAKENSFONTEIN CONCESSION.—W. H. (Catford).—We cannot.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—E. H. (Liverpool).—The prospectus indicates many changes from ordinary banking practice, and you, as a business man, can form an opinion upon their value as well as we can.

PREMIUM BONDS.—PREMIUM BOND (London).—The people you name would charge you more than the market price, but not much more. A. C. B. (Leicester).—Our advice to you is not to have dealings with the firm in question. C. B. (Lewisham).—(1) There is no further liability. (2) The statement that "there is a profit of £3 on every £4 invested" is, on the face of it, absurd. A. B. N. (Woodford).—(1) We do not recommend the purchase. (2) We thank you for your congratulations in the Arnold and Butler matter. PRO PATRIA (Belfast).—Of course the bonds have no British Government guarantee. They are bonds issued by foreign Governments and Municipalities. W. H. T. (Kilburn).—We cannot see why you should buy through the people you name, since they charge much more than the market price. If you want these bonds, you should go to people like N. Keiser and Co., foreign bankers, of 29, Threadneedle Street, who would let you have them at the market price, which is much lower than that charged by most of the outside brokers. W. L. (Grosvenor Street).—The explanation given as to the great difference between the buying and selling price is tomfoolery. The present price of Panama Bonds is £4 11s. 6d., of Ottoman £7 9s., and of Congo Free State £3 7s.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—CONSTANT READER (Fulham Park Gardens).—It is well-managed and financially strong. DISGUSTED (Hither Green).—If you cannot get anyone to buy your bond, you will have to lose the £20 3s. you have paid in, and we do not see that you have any ground for complaint, much less any legal remedy. You took out a bond upon which you undertook to pay for a specified number of years. On the other hand, the association undertook to pay you what is called a Surrender Value, also specified, if you desired to discontinue your payments after having paid for five years. Before the expiration of the five years you appear to have stopped your payments, consequently the association is under no sort of obligation to you. Your mistake was in entering into an undertaking which necessitated payments for many years. We never recommend taking out these 30-year bonds. It is drawing over much upon the chances of life. A. F. H. D. (Sherborne).—We have gone into this matter, and satisfied ourselves that Mr. Chatworthy's allegations cannot be sustained.

PANAMA BONDS.—H. G. (Birmingham).—The first you name is in excess of market value. W. H. B. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. "The Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur," whose London agents are Messrs. Davies and Co., Finch Lane, Cornhill, E.C., would give you the information you want as to drawings.

HAMBURG LOTTERIES.—R. W. S. (Manchester).—(1) Have nothing to do with "Paul Goldenberg, Banker, Hamburg," and his lotteries.

CROZIER AND COMPANY.—A. F. G. (Leicester).—We have no information respecting Crozier and Co., of 110 and 111, Strand, W.C., described as patent experts, and your letter is not very specific. Perhaps some of our readers have had dealings with the firm, and will let us know their experience, whether good or bad.

BANKING ACCOUNT.—F. R. (Canonbury).—Our advice to you would be to go to the Birkbeck Bank, an eminently respectable institution, which would give you smaller interest, but very much greater security.

BRITISH STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—HATFIELD (Bromley).—We should prefer another selection.

UNION CONSOLIDATED TRUST.—UCT (Mill End).—If you retain the shares, you have no option but to pay the calls. It was rather ingenuous of you to suppose that the directors would accept your offer to sell them your shares.

NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO RAILWAY COMPANY.—J. J C. (London).—We do not.

EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. C. D. (Cannon Street).—You use very strong language about the society and the way in which, as you say, it has treated you, but we cannot accept your statements as made against a very respectable and well-managed society without abundant proof of their accuracy, and you offer us none. On the contrary, when the society sued you and another for £360, you simply ignored the claim on the advice of a solicitor who must be a remarkable specimen of his class. Mr. Justice Lawrence seems to have told you that you committed fraud in connection with the matter, and altogether we prefer to have nothing more to do with it.

STATUS OF BANK.—M. J. S. (Birmingham).—We never recommend depositing monies with institutions offering exceptional rates of interest.

PROMISING SPECULATION.—P. T. F. (Weymouth).—We do not give "tips." If you take our advice, you will steer clear of the Stock Exchange.

PREMIUM BONDS.—H. J. J. (Glasgow).—We do not know how you can get these bonds on the instalment system except through the outside brokers who deal in them. If you cannot afford to buy them right out, you would, in our opinion, be foolish to touch them.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. L. (London).—We think not.

SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—ELIAN VANNIN (Ramsey).—The address of this association is 81, St. George's Place, West George Street, Glasgow.

TOUTING CIRCULARS.—NEMO (Swansea).—The circulars were sent to you, no doubt, as to thousands of other people, in the hope that you would be induced by the statements they contained to send money to them.

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—GET RICH (Swansea).—We are not able to "recommend any firm to do business" for you "on the Stock Exchange with a capital of £2."

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—F. M. (St. Ives).—The best results in the case of endowment insurance are obtained by two companies. Assuming the premium to be £10 per annum, at the age of 30 at entry, to purchase a policy payable at the end of 20 years, or previous death, the Legal and General, a British office, grants a policy of £198 at issue, which amounts, according to the bonuses declared, to £335 at the age of 50. The bonuses are added every five years, and an interim bonus is given to those policies which become claims within these periods. The second company is the Mutual of Australasia. In this office a premium of £10 purchases a policy of £220 at issue, which, according to past results, amounts to £333 at maturity. This is £2 less than the result of the former company, but the initial amount of insurance is £22 greater. Both companies are of high standing.

INVESTMENT OF £500.—J. B. (Old Kent Road).—You ask us to advise you how best to invest £500 to return "5 per cent. or 6 per cent." Put half in Harrod's Stores and half in Spratts' Patent.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—W. B. (London).—The answer to both your questions is in the negative.

THE COSMOPOLITAN FINANCIER.—SUSPICIOUS.—You have not sent us your name or address. If and when you do so we will answer your question. N. A. L. (East Dulwich).—Much of a muchness.

IMPERIAL CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. L. (Hatton Garden).—It is not.

INTERNATIONAL VENDORS' SYNDICATE.—F. H. A. (Bow Road).—We should have thought the facts, as given to us by you, would have been a sufficient answer to the question you put.

THREE BANKS.—CORPORATION (Bristol).—These institutions are banks only in name. We do not recommend your depositing money with any one of them.

BY-MARGINAL DEALINGS.—A. W. G. (Malvern Links).—The only advice we can give you is not to throw good money after bad, or to add a lawyer's bill to loss sustained by dealings with the people you name

AMERICAN RAILS.—A. A. T. (Stoke Newington).—Yes, we should "call American Rails a risky investment," about as risky as you can name.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES.—T. V. Y. (Pengam).—National Telephone Company, Spratts' Limited, Jay's Cumulative Preference, D. H. Evans and Co., all these may be safely recommended to you. They will give you a yield in excess of that which you mention, and excellent security.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—W. B. (Deptford).—It has a very long name, and the Guarantee Corporation a longer one, but we know nothing to its discredit.

DOUBLE OPTIONS.—BANJO (Redhill).—It looks as if you had cause of complaint, but what can you expect when you deal with people of this sort?

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. H. (Leeds).—Not much.

LONDON, GLOUCESTER AND NORTH HANTS DAIRY COMPANY.—W. F. T. (Willesden).—(1) We take the explanation to be bad business. (2) The Cold Storage Company you mention is doing very little

STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION.—A. B. (Liverpool).—No, we do not think you would be "wise," but extremely foolish, in risking your £4 with the people whose advertisement you send us. Keep it in the Savings Bank, where it is safe, which is a good deal more than it would be with the people you name.

FREE OPTION.—H. B. A. (Belfast).—We cannot help you. If you will have dealings with these sort of people you must take the consequences.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—W. T. (Congleton).—We note your letter, and acknowledge the papers sent with it. We have nothing to add to or take from our previous remarks upon the subject of the Trust, but if and when you can give us the opinion of an actuary of repute that your scheme is a sound one, we will willingly publish that opinion and withdraw the hostile comments we have made.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—J. M. (Dulwich).—It is not in the first rank of banks or near it, but we have no ground for questioning its solvency. J. K. (Bangor).—(1) See previous answer. (2) We cannot recommend you to have dealings with the other institution you name.

HOLLOPHANE, LIMITED.—A. E. P. (Thornton Heath).—We think not.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—FERNBANK (Dundee).—We do not recommend deposits with people who offer such high rates of interest.

FOREIGN BANKERS.—PREMIUM BOND (Airdrie).—The people you name would send you genuine bonds, but would charge you from 20 to 30 per cent. above the market price.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—J. A. L. (Bow).—As to "doing right" in taking your £300 out of the Post Office Savings Bank and putting it into a so-called bank that offers much higher interest, you have "the right" to do what you like with your own, but you would be extremely foolish to make the transfer. If you are not satisfied with the 2½ per cent. you get from the Government, you can easily double it by judicious investment in other securities, which for all practical purposes offer as good security as the Post Office. We shall be glad to give you a list of such securities if it would help you and save you from the risk involved in the course you suggest.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—H. F. C. (Leicester).—We are glad the matter has been settled to your satisfaction. E. L. (Brighton).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY.—C. H. S. (Kennington Road).—We have no information.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—C. C. (West Ealing) and others.—We do not think you will be pestered much longer with this bucket-shop's circulars.

SINGERS' MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—"207" (London Fields).—We have had similar complaints to yours from other correspondents, but we do not see what we can do in the matter. After all, if you think the conditions of service unfair, or unduly exacting, you need not take up an agency.

BRITISH EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—INSURANCE (Nottingham).—It is an office of standing established in 1834. From and after the next valuation in 1909, when it is proposed to transfer the amount of the shareholders' undivided profits (£33,780) to the life assurance fund, a new arrangement, in accordance with new Memorandum and Articles of Association, will come into force, whereby 2s. 6d. per share per annum will be paid to the shareholders, and, in addition, they will receive 10 per cent. of the surplus disclosed in the life department and 50 per cent. of the divisible profits arising in the other departments.

CHAMPION REEFS.—E. H. G. (Putney).—We should be content with your present holding.

ROTARY ENGINE COMPANY.—H. G. (Ilford).—We are afraid not. We do not think the company is doing any sort of business.

UNITED KINGDOM AND TEMPERANCE GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. W. (Glasgow).—It is amongst the best in the Kingdom.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—G. D. (Birmingham).—We are inclined to think so.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—W. J. (Watford).—We will look into the matter.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.—ROS (Birmingham).—On the whole your list is a good one, and we see no advantage in selling any of the stocks at present. On the contrary, all of them, with the possible exception of the Brewery debentures, are likely to improve later on.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Why Good Songs are Scarce.

Since some time ago I wrote an article in this journal on the consummate idiocy which was the distinguishing mark of most of the more familiar pantomime songs, I have received a liberal education at the hands of a number of my readers. They assure me (with what amount of truth I do not pretend to say) that unless one has friends in a big music publishing house, or happen to be a person of means, or in some other way "have a pull," it is quite useless to attempt to try and get one's songs before the public on decent terms—extremely difficult to get them sung at all. If the position of affairs be really so bad as some of my correspondents make out, it is high time that an enlightened individual with a bit of capital stepped in among the established music publishers, gave merit a chance, and generally created a stir. It is equally desirable that the public should understand why they have to listen so often to such utterly contemptible twaddle at concerts and music-halls. Of course, it is very well understood that most (practically all) the more famous vocalists, especially those who talk and write a great deal about "art," are really little better than advertising agents for the particular firms whose songs they sing—just as many of the crack pianists are simply disguised commercial travellers for piano-makers.

Questions for Variety "Artistes."

But I for one did not know that the same system penetrated down to the more modest depths of the variety stage, to the club entertainer, indeed to all sorts and sizes of men and women who make their living by creating vocal noises of one kind or another—the musical morning tradesman only excepted. I know that if one asks a variety star why he sings drivel about his Little O-hi-ho, to a horrible demi-semi-rag time gurgle from the band, he assures you that he is open to pay thousands of pounds (more or less) for what he calls "a winner." Winners seem to be as scarce in the halls, however, as on the tipster's lists; and so our "artiste" spends unhappy days, according to his own account, trying to find poets of genius and musicians of transcendent talent capable of fitting him with the "right stuff." Some of the song-writers, on the other hand, tell me that these glittering stars in the music-hall firmament are trading on their reputation to popularise nonsensical words and wicked music in the interests of various enterprising printers. And they look so innocent, too, and have such a struggle to pay their income-tax—just as if they were highly capable journalists, instead of mere popular entertainers.

A Human Document.

One of the oppressed song-writers has sent me some specimens of his work to look at. It seems to an untutored eye and an unpractised ear like my own to be rather good work; but then my standards do not seem to be the standards of the men and women he has got to please if he would sell. This is what he says of the profession of popular song-writer in these days:—

> "I was much struck with a recent clever article in John Bull *re* Pantomime Songs. Perhaps my experience may be interesting. Without claiming to be a musician, I think I possess the knack of stringing a rhyme together and hatching out a more or less tuneful melody to fit. I have ventured to enclose a couple of my songs, merely as specimens. Of course, they were refused by at least 20 publishers; and when I submitted gratuitous copies to scores of artistes (enclosing stamp) the invariable answer was:—'*How much would I* PAY to have them sung?' I wrote to the ——— (a 'professional' paper) and was informed that this was 'usual.' I do not think the songs are bad enough for that. No wonder songs are scarce!"

No wonder, indeed! However, possibly there is another side to the matter: there may even be two other sides—those of the publisher and of the artiste. If either of these classes should feel aggrieved, I shall willingly extend my distinguished consideration to any comment on the foregoing letter. I may add that I would prefer it to deal with facts rather than personalities—in the unlikely event of any reader who disagrees with the epistle imagining that he recognises the noble Roman style of the author.

How *NOT* to go on the Stage.

Another reader, who writes from a West End address, makes allegations against a theatrical tutor (of sorts) who used to advertise in the *Morning Post*, offering to introduce "beginners" to a "remunerative profession" on a "no fee" basis. This advertiser, whatever else he may be, is a humorist, or he would never call the stage as it is in England to-day "a remunerative profession," while his idea of "no fees" seems to be twelve guineas and upwards per head. The tale as told to me runs something like this:—My correspondent and a friend replied to X's advertisement, and eventually saw the great man. He advised them to run in double harness, and promised to supply them with everything, to teach them their business, and to get them engagements for £25 inclusive. Songs, music and band parts, were set down at £5 each as a kind of merry after-thought. For £5 ready the invaluable services of the Master would be set agoing at once. But, the £5 being paid, brought only a sheet of foolscap (appropriate paper!) "purporting to be patter" and a song, with the intimation that the music would follow, which it never did. Another £5 was mentioned subsequently as the paving-stone needful to the commencement of Song Number 2. The £5 was forwarded; and the foolscap treatment was repeated.

The Master and His Pupils.

Later on the pupils asked the Master about the music once more—and those band parts. The Master said these harmless, desirable things would be forthcoming only on the completion of the payment of the whole £25. The pupils thereupon had unworthy suspicions of the Master; and they refused to part with any more money. They also demanded the return of their ten guineas. The Master ignored them. That was two or three years ago; and they are still demanding and the Master is still ignoring. The pupils want my advice. It is simply to save their postage stamps and to write off that ten guineas. If they are in doubt as to how to describe the outlay, I would suggest that they put it down simply as "Educational." If that does not seem to cover the whole ground, they might phrase it differently. For example: "To taking the Mug-Cure." The Master and his like will find the fools, so long as the fools go on getting born, just as surely as the early bird will discover the worm.

The Swindling Agent Again!

This mildly cynical observation covers also to some extent a sheaf of letters and Press cuttings of which I have been the recipient, which deal with the bogus concert agent who helps the advertising revenue of the more respectable morning papers so substantially. There is no law compelling gentry of this villainous order to explain to the guileless public that their several advertisements over different names and descriptions belong to one person only—and that none of them is his right name, or a clearly distinctive label. The managers of the advertising departments of the daily journals taking the money of these unscrupulous rascals ought to know, if they do not; although it is hard sometimes (as every newspaper proprietor and manager is aware) to trace the genesis of a fishy advertisement and to find out whether it should be refused insertion or not. The matter is to some extent in the hands of the more reputable agents and musical people; and I hear that they are moving at last, with a view to the separation of the sheep and the goats in the Press advertisement columns.

A Fussy Vicar.

The Vicar of Leamington seems to be making a rather officious nuisance of himself. He has discovered suddenly, what nobody else is able to detect, that "some of the songs at the municipal concerts have been objectionable." The Music Committee went into the matter and found the suggestions utterly groundless. They asked the vicar (whose name is Buck) to substantiate his complaint or to withdraw it. Of course, he did neither. But he shuffled and snuffled, and talked at large about "doing away with these inferior music-hall kind of entertainments." His claptrap has been brought officially to the notice of the Bishop. Which, in a way, is rather a pity, for the citizens of Leamington ought to have been able to deal with a matter of this kind without appeal to ecclesiastical big-wigs. The inferior people of Leamington should put this superior busybody into his place with a short sharp jerk; and keep him there.

The Wrong Way to Do It.

In continuation of my remarks last week *re* the charge for programmes at His Majesty's, some newspaper writers defend this reactionary conduct of Mr. Tree—and by inference that of the other managers—by pleading high rents, heavy costs of production, and so on. I sympathise with the obstacles in the way of dividend-making that beset the theatre manager in common with the rest of us; and I am willing to admit that he has a few special grievances of his own. But the fly in the managerial pot of ointment, as I understand it, is that enough people do not patronise the London theatres. Does Mr. Tree or anyone else really suppose that more people will go to the theatres because theatre-going is made dearer; or that the profits on the programme imposition finally will make or mar his balance-sheet? In the bad times we have had since the war, many of the smaller professional men have had no money, or very little, to spend on theatres and like luxuries. That is one of the chief reasons for the theatrical depression; another is that the theatrical bills have lacked freshness and variety, and that the theatre prices are too high for mediocre entertainment. Mr. Charles Frohman is beginning to see this, as lesser men have seen it for some time past, and in one case (at the Lyceum) have acted upon it with immediate benefit.

Retrenchment and Reform.

If necessary, production expenses, now swollen to preposterous proportions, authors' fee, star salaries, and (above all) rents will have to come down. Unless theatre prices do so, a theatrical crisis appears to me inevitable. I understand that lower prices are to be tried at the Aldwych shortly by Mr. Frohman. Mr. Oscar Asche is credited with the intention of attempting a London season at reduced rates. Miss Lena Ashwell intends to provide pit-stalls at the Kingsway—"so that business men need not dress for the theatre"—between the stalls and the pit, which I regard as a very wise departure and warmly endorse, though I smile quietly at the official explanation that accompanies it.

P

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Seamless Robe." By A. Channel (Ada Carter). (London: Laurie.)

This half-witted book pretends to advocate the cause of Christian Scientists, but I should imagine it will be repudiated by those shrewd people. The writer's state of mind may be judged from the opening words of her dedication: "To all nations and all kindreds this book is dedicated and sent forth upon its journey through the world, with the desire that it may speed Love's sweet message from city to city, there proclaiming from every housetop the glory of a promise in swift process of fulfilment." Again, we are told: "I know not how most books are written." I know not how this one was written, but I should imagine in a padded room. It consists of a succession of disjointed episodes written in a bombastic style which seems intended to imitate second-rate poetry. A duke and his infant heir are threatened with death by consumption. Lady Cecil Gwynne runs away from the altar just before she was to be married to Prince Leo Berne. She makes up her mind to marry her old friend Mr. Saul, but an accident turns her into a hopeless invalid. Eventually, of course, they are cured by Christian Science. And we have a delightful picture of school life, almost worthy of Dean Farrar and Mr. Kipling. A new boy feels frightened in his dormitory, and rouses "the sleeping boy whose proud privilege it was to be captain of the dormitory."

> "What's the matter Malcolm?"
>
> "I want you, Robby, I—I'm frightened."
>
> The floor felt hard and cold against the Captain's little bare feet, and oh! his bed was nice and warm! but Malcolm was "such a little kid," and such a very new boy—and well! it wasn't so long ago that the Captain had been a new boy himself! The Captain didn't say much; he was so sleepy and it was just cold; but he put two hard arms around the baby neck—for Malcolm was scarcely more—and patted the short-cropped head with his schoolboy hand.
>
> Presently, the Captain forgot the cold, and he wasn't sleepy any more, for poor little Malcolm was blubbing out something so dreadful—something about "no one to love him—only Uncle Robert, his guardian, who gave him toys—lots—but didn't love him at all, and was often very stern; and never kissed him like—like—mother did, before—she—went to India."

What amazing boys! And the grown-up people are just as ridiculously unnatural. The following gems are too good to be lost:—

> "I can fight no longer, Philip, I am yours. See to it that you keep my honour bright; for the Courcys ever mate with the highest in the land, and I had thought to do likewise. But . . . I can fight no more."
>
> . . ar God," she cried, "stop this foul thing, I pray! . . For such a child, 'tis blackest shame, to wed with Leo Berne!"
>
> Then a fresh voice struck upon each waiting ear, as a second priest came forward and asked the man before him if he would keep himself for her alone as long as they both should live? And the old man's voice, worn out before its time, made glib reply, "I will."
>
> And thus, her trembling hand warm-wrapped within another's strong and tender clasp, she passed without the door.
>
> The swiftness of her flight had left the Earl, her brother, thunderstruck, till suddenly black rage possessed him, and, with face aflame, he strode along the aisle; nor paused until his foot pressed hard upon his carriage step.

"The Vision of the Poem" By John McEnery. (London: Greening. 1907. Price 6s.)

This book is the emptiest twaddle I have come across for a long time. The hero is described as "weak and half imbecile," yet in the end is allowed to marry a charming heroine and make her perfectly happy.

"Out of the Everyday World." By F. Connolly. (London: Burleigh. 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This book is intended for children, but I shall be very much surprised if any of them are young enough to be attracted by such feeble twaddle. If, however, any do take a fancy to it, they need have no fear that any grown up person will ever want to steal it from them. The pictures are more attractive than the text, but that is not high praise.

The Strengthening Effect of Electricity.

NO OTHER TREATMENT CAN COMPARE WITH IT.

There are thousands of men going about the world mere pigmies of what they should be, broken down in health both mentally and physically, getting no enjoyment out of life. The man who is weak is an absolute failure. He can accomplish nothing that is worth accomplishing. The man who is strong and robust, on the other hand, has the world before him. Few things to him are impossible; he is eager for work; eager for pleasure. He derives pleasure from the merest details of life. He walks with his head erect, a springy step; he is stamped with that air of confidence which makes him a man. Every weak man can be such a specimen.

The question arises how? Some will say, "I have tried this and that; it did me no good; in fact, it made me worse." Quite so. Many medicines prove more harmful than beneficial in such cases. What the body requires is electricity. It is the motive force of the human machinery. Electricity develops and expands weakened tissue. It is life to the nerves and organs. It fortifies the system against weakness and disease. It drives out weakness by renewing vitality.

For applying electricity to the body in an effective form the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was invented. This wonderful battery is the outgrowth of scientific investigations and discoveries. It is simple to use, and requires no charging. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." Such statements as that carry conviction. The "Ajax" Battery has also been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and is endorsed by JOHN BULL.

The most interesting treatise ever published on this subject is free to all who write for it. Every person who feels that his health is not what it should be, should write for it at once. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring you the book, postage prepaid. To all who can call at the office a free test is offered.—ADVT.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

(Established 1870.)

22 Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 32, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,037,648. Liabilities, £1,226,571. Surplus, £371,078.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

" 6 " " " 6 "

" 12 " " " 7 "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TAIT, Joint Managers.

CUTLERY

Manufacturers' Catalogue Post Free. Sheffield Table Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors, &c. Beautiful Sheffield Electro Silver Plate, Cruets, Tea Services, and a charming variety of Sheffield Silver Art Work for Wedding Presents. This interesting Book is a valuable Guide to the Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Industries; it connects the purchaser and the factory in a most beneficial manner and puts you in the best market for these beautiful and reliable products which have made Sheffield famous the world over. *Ask for Catalogue H.* J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY AT REASONABLE RATES OF INTEREST WITHOUT SURETY, SECURITY, OR FEES. STRICTEST PRIVACY.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,

12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

URGENT LOANS ARRANGED within 24 hours. Repayments to suit client's convenience.

Fire, Burglary, Plate Glass, Accident, Sickness, Drivers Accidents Departments,

With either WEEKLY or ANNUAL Premiums.

RELIANCE FIRE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CORPORATION Ltd.

CAPITAL £50,000.

For Agency Terms, apply 18, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

W. R. RICHARDS, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Newest Styles and Materials.

Tighter and still tighter. What are we coming to next? A beautiful gown that I saw the other day measured under three yards round the hem. Perhaps in a few months we shall have the skirts, or what there is of them, slit up the sides, in the French fashion of 1795. That is, apparently, the style that the "Mondaines" are endeavouring to revive. All the newest skirts are being made "*en princesse*," draped across the front and then drawn tightly to the back or side, well above the waist in either case. In many cases they are buttoned down the hips, which gives an effective touch. The foundations are all of soft satin merve, and, petticoats being dispensed with, as I mentioned a little while ago, divided skirts of soft satin are worn instead. The material most favoured for day dresses is meteor *crêpe de Chine*, while satin, in bright nattier blue or Rose du Barry pink, is worn in the evening. Tailor-made costumes are all of thin dark-coloured cloth, the skirts are long, and come above the waist in a tight band. The coats, with high collars, wide apart in front, are in the "Directoire" style—that is an exaggerated form of a man's "morning" coat. They are heavily braided in black or coloured braid, and some have waistcoats of white or light-coloured cloth, embroidered in gold, silver or coloured silk and fancy buttons. A ruffle of pleated linen and lace falling in a cascade is needed to complete the costume. "Trottoir" morning skirts are being made of striped flannel, well off the ground, and in little pleats, an inch wide, giving a kilted effect. The latest trimming for dresses takes the form of laces dyed to match the colour of the gown, and made on a frilly background. All the yokes are of plain, tucked net.

Bridesmaids' Dresses.

An important question, which vexes our minds considerably, is to find something new in the way of bridesmaids' frocks The fashion seems to alter so little in this respect. Two enterprising spirits of last season had their respective maids of honour attired in black satin and in scarlet coats and black hats, but the style, though unique, was hardly sufficiently attractive to become popular. I was inspecting the newest fashions at Mesdames Allan et Cie., of New Bond Street, the other day, and saw, among other smart things, a set of bridesmaids' dresses for an approaching society wedding. They are Empire gowns of palest pink satin with a pearl embroidery on plain net yokes. A touch of colour is introduced near the waist by a fold of deep Japanese blue satin, fastened at the side in the "Directoire" style by two large buttons. Picture hats will be worn, of pale pink net, with mob caps of pink lace and trimmed with a single row of pink roses, ending in a market bunch at the side. Pink silk "En-tout-cas," with high white sticks and a large bunch of La France roses at the top, will be carried. This is quite a new style in floral gear.

Millinery.

The very small hat has not come to stay, which is not a wonder, for on the present much be-curled head-dress a small hat looks lost and does not adequately complete a smart toilette. The majority of the newest hats, therefore, are of medium size, though the crown is still very high. Many hats are lined with straw of a different shade, and the "Charlotte Corday" style, of pleated straw, is again fashionable, and with it a little lace cap is worn, fastened to the brim. Trimming varies. White and mauve lilac is much favoured, and also stiff ribbon bows, made to look like coloured quills. One model I saw of golden brown straw with a high crown was trimmed with gold tissue covered with brown tulle, losing itself in a big choux, a large amount of brown grass at the side taking the place of an osprey, and there was a cachet of brown roses under the brim. The hat was intended for a royal blue cloth dress, the combination of brown and blue being a very favourite one. Many hats are being made entirely of tulle, with large bows of the same, giving an exceedingly soft and fluffy effect.

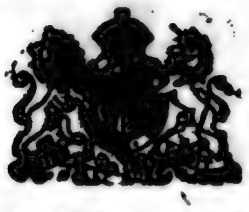
Make Your Hands Pretty.

While it is always pleasant to have our hands in charming condition, it is more than ever an imperative matter during the reign of elbow-sleeves. It is not a difficult thing to keep hands dainty once they have arrived at that point, but to get them so in the first case is a more serious affair. For one thing, with this laudable end in view, it is necessary to sleep in gloves. It is often a great nuisance when we go to bed tired, but "*il faut souffrir pour être belle!*" This is the correct course of procedure: First wash and soak your hands in quite hot water, this opens the pores and allows the cold cream—which is then applied—to thoroughly penetrate into the very substance of the skin. Then on go the gloves, there to stop till morning dawns. They serve a double purpose: not only do they prevent the cream rubbing off, but by keeping the hands cosy and the pores consequently open, the cream stands a better chance of being able to work marvels of softening and smoothing. These sleeping gloves must be ample in size or they do more harm than good by impeding the circulation. Little holes, too, should be cut in both back and palms for ventilation. Don't forget that. It is important.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

By Special Appointment



To His Majesty the King.

By Royal Warrant

To Their Majesties The King and Queen of Italy

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF WHISKY-AND-SODA.

Turning the pages of the *Morning Post* the other day I was much touched by the poignant wail of "a gentleman of good social position," who "finds that wherever he goes friends ply him with whiskies-and-sodas." Now whisky-and-soda, if I mistake not, is a beverage of grateful bouquet, exhilarating body, and sparkling aspect; a hospitable refreshment not to be lightly refused or impulsively arraigned. It is offered and received in the best society, and is highly appreciated by the King, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, graces the festive board of the Lord Mayor of London, has high status in the House of Commons, and has frequently received the honourable mention of poets and painters, novelists and scientists, warriors, statesmen, bishops, curates and other leaders of the higher life and loftier thought. I have even tried it on myself as a medicinal preparation in moments of cloud and melancholy, and I am bound to say that I have found its tonic properties grateful and comforting if absorbed with discretion. For, in the physical absorption of whisky-and-soda, certain experiments which I have made during rare intervals of a long and laborious life induce me to believe that discretion is the better part of valour. Other things being equal, a person will be able to find the way to the door which fits his latchkey with more facility and self-confidence on water adulterated with a little whisky, than on whisky aerated by soda in aqueous solution. Briefly, whisky-and-soda makes straight for your head and water-and-whisky straight for the lower half of your waistcoat. On the first you will probably talk better, and on the second walk better. There are some persons to whom I never think of offering whisky-and-soda for fear that they won't go home till morning.

And this brings me to the gentleman who advertises his sorrow in the paper. Of course, I do not know the kind of company he has been keeping, but it is open to the suspicion of peculiarity to say the least. Why ply him with whiskies-and-sodas "which," as he puts it, "he does not like, and which disagree with him"? I can only say that if the object of his friends is to make him attract the attention of the police they are no class. I was going to suggest that when they force upon him whisky-and-soda he should tell them he would rather have the sixpence, but I see he says "they resent it if he refuses them." There seems no doubt on this showing that he has fallen into queer company. It rather reminds me of the young classic student who was invited by his examiners to describe the manners and customs of the Hottentots. "Manners: none," he wrote; "Customs: beastly." To force whisky-and-soda on a man is not etiquette. I believe that in the higher circles the custom is to say, "What can I offer you?" or "Name the wet," or "What is it?" or "Noa then, lad, what's tha drinkin'?" or something of that kind. More than once I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Caine, and I always refrained from ordering a whisky-and-soda for either of them. I should maintain a similar attitude of propriety were I to meet Dr. Dawson Burns or Dr. Clifford; and though they might even express the hope that I would join them in ginger-beer, I feel confident they would not resent my polite refusal to accept their effusive hospitality.

The purpose of the *Morning Post* advertiser is not only to voice a grievance, but to call for deliverance. "He would like introduction to society in which whisky-and-soda does not form so important an element." It should not be difficult to obtain, and I can see no reason why he should have put himself to the cost of advertising for it. There are the Band of Hope and the Blue Ribbon Army, as well as innumerable hostelries licensed to sell only beer and wine. But as his attitude towards beer seems to be one of good-natured tolerance, I fear that he will have to change it to one of uncompromising aggression and indubitable self-sacrifice ere he will be received into a Bands of Hope or the Blue Ribbon Army. "If," he says, "my friends had only let me drink beer when I was thirsty, instead of forcing spirits upon me when I was not thirsty, they would have been much kinder." If the company of the ordinary beerhouse seems to him lacking in intellectual attraction, I should advise him to order a barrel in, if he likes it draught, or a case of pints if he prefers it bottled. But if he is unmarried and lives in furnished apartments, he will be well advised to purchase a lock for the tap or count the bottles before he goes out. I have missed things myself.

Re-reading his advertisement, I am rather inclined on the whole to the conclusion that he is a weak-kneed brother. On no other supposition can I account for his allowing his friends to force upon him a beverage he does not like on occasions when he does not feel dry. Does he mean to assert in the face of a great and just nation that they hold him down and pour whiskies-and-sodas into him till he splutters? To me such a proposition is unthinkable; I appeal to Mr. Asquith whether it would not jeopardise the licence? I make bold to say that it could not occur even at the Old Bull and Bush, or the Spotted Dog, or the Duck and Bottle, or any such place, and in the interests of truth and justice I hereby demand to know which public-house this "gentleman of good social position" habitually frequents.

DEALING WITH OUTSIDE BROKERS.

Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, in an action recently heard in the Court of Appeal, stated that he "was very far from saying that an outside broker could not be recommended as honest and trustworthy." Of course, this is only common justice, a remark which any learned judge might make, but, as some people presume not to see the difference between an outside broker and a "bucket shop," the above statement gains additional weight coming from such a high legal authority.

When it is so remarkably easy, requiring an expenditure of neither time, trouble, nor money, to differentiate between the real and the false, it is indeed surprising that so many bucket shops flourish.

THREE VERY SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

Let every intending investor or speculator, after selecting the firm or Exchange with whom he intends to transact business, demand a satisfactory reply to the following questions:—

1. Prove to me that you have paid clients upwards of fifty thousand pounds by furnishing me with a list of separate cheques (certified by Chartered Accountant) paid to individual clients.

2. Prove to me by letters in your possession that you have clients who have dealt with you ten, twenty, and even thirty times without incurring a loss.

3. Prove to me from cheques paid to brokers that you actually buy the stock or shares which you in turn sell to clients.

These three simple questions may not meet every requirement but, when satisfactorily answered and supported with undeniable documentary evidence, they must prove honesty and good faith.

For instance, No. 1 prevents a prospective client being satisfied with a jumbled-up certificate of payments, which includes advertising, printing, postages, and a hundred other management charges. An intending speculator should insist upon having a separate list of individual cheques, guaranteed to be paid to bona fide speculating clients.

The reply to question No. 2 will prove whether clients profit on more than one occasion, whilst the reply to No. 3 provides a satisfactory and complete answer to that very natural question, "How can you honestly recommend stocks and shares when a client's profit is your loss?" for it proves that a client's gain is the firm's gain and vice versa.

£72,430

This Sum has been paid since 1907 (£22,000 during last 16 weeks) to Clients who took the Advice of the

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,

STOCK AND SHARE JOBBERS,

22, GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Those who are in a position to invest £5 should make enquiry.

No Waiting for Settlement Day. No Heavy Contango Charges.
No Brokerage. No Commission. Limited Liability.
Unlimited Profits. Stock Exchange Net Prices.
Free Cables. No Stamp Duties or Other Fees. Private Code.
Banker's References. 4,500 Clients' Testimonials.

"The firm possesses, and yesterday exhibited to a representative of this journal, a certificate from a City firm of chartered accountants which states that they have compared the cheques referred to in the National Share Exchange advertisements with the banker's pass-book and find the cheques duly recorded therein."—*Financial News*, 3rd April, 1908.

PROFITS PAID DAILY.

Write, Wire, Telephone, Call or Send.

ENQUIRY FORM.

TO THE SECRETARY, THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.
Telegrams: "Statelevirus, London."
Telephone: 712, London Wall (5 lines).

Sir,—Please send me your full terms of business; your Booklet, entitled "The Science of Money-Making," and a list of separate Cheques aggregating £72,430 paid to Speculators who followed your advice during 1907-8. Also your latest Recommendation.

NAME .....
J.B. (Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
1038 ADDRESS .....
(Please write distinctly)
Date..... .....

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That the hop-growers are not "hopping" out of the country.

That Winston Churchill believes in "Free Tirade."

That John Burns now thinks that some men *are* worth more than £500 a year—and has proved it.

That the Government will not find the Licensing Bill too heavy.

That the new Cabinet won't have a leg to stand on.

That the Government, having courted the Suffragettes, they will now return the compliment.

That the Fulham Football Club is to be called "Fell'em" in future.

That Lord Crewe's Garter is a crewel piece of work.

That our Navy is not accustomed to "working in the dark."

That the National Sleeping Sickness Bureau will first devote itself to church congregations.

That the Oxford Music Hall gave Justice Jelf quite a turn.

That patrons of His Majesty's think Mr. Tree plays the Jew *too* well.

That the motto in "Ken's Kabin" is "Help Yourselves."

That Dr. Macnamara is now practising the sailors' hornpipe.

That "Warboise" is Mr. Haldane's favourite authoress.

That Marie Lloyd's example of publicly advertising her real age will be generally followed in the profession.

That the Budget will please everybody.

The Bernard Shaw, charged recently at Thames with "wandering," might have pleaded the example of an eminent namesake.

Ten omnibuses from the Star Company's Herne Hill depot have been sold by auction for £43. Fallen stars.

A Holloway jeweller whose shop was recently burgled, used the private mark, "O. B. E. Mindful." He ought to change it.

A weekly periodical is offering a prize for putting the Kaiser together. Most people find it easier to pull him to pieces.

"The theatre has gone through many agonies," says the *Sphere*. What about the audiences?

A suggested motto for Ken's Kabin:—"Kaptivating komestibles karefully kooked."

A seventy-year old resident of Providence (R.I.) declares that he has been cured of all bodily ills by a daily diet of five ounces of fine sand. He must have plenty of grit.

Desirable Residences:—

For Mr. Asquith—Elm View.
For Mr. Runciman—The Birches.
For Mr. Balfour—Waverley.
For Colonel Seely—The Nutshell.
For John Burns—The Poplars.
For Miss Maud Allan—The Close.
For Mr. Morley—The Retreat.
For Alfred Austin—The Mews.
For Lord Crewe—The Roost.
For Hackenschmidt—The Downs.
For G. H. Druce—The Bungle-oh.

"Rollin Stone" is the name of a new book. A disquisition on moss?

"Do not wait," Beecham's latest advertisement is headed. A caution!

A man named Champagne was fined for drunkenness the other day. Evidently a case of undue self-consciousness.

A Crosby Haul: The anonymous gift of £5,000 towards the re-erection at Chelsea of the famous old building.

Judges unite with Bishops in blessing the Daylight Saving Bill. Burglars, on the other hand, regard it as a menace to their ancient rights.

The Finnish Diet has been dissolved. Lent is nearly over.

Truth says that "Too old at twenty" is the motto of the Carmelite periodical factory. The new age of journalism, we presume?

A portrait of the Kaiser is to be reproduced in Gobelin tapestry. Of course they will use Berlin wool.

The Mayor of Chicago considers no woman fit to drive a motor. They are always running men down.

According to the *Mail*, Home Rule has been buried for ten years. A grave matter for the Irish.

Asked the difference between a lake and an ocean, a schoolboy replied that "Lakes are much pleansanter to swallow when you fall in."

"Women should receive men's wages," declares John Temple Graves. Who else gets them?

A deer chased by the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt took refuge in an inn at Charing Heath. Driven to drink!

Fred Karno claims that he "took off" the New Woman ten or twelve years ago. Where is the man plucky enough to "take her on"?

At a Republican meeting near Mafra, Portugal, the speakers were pelted with large potatoes and onions. They are now suffering from tubercolossus.

Justice calls John Burns the "Right Hon. Jerry Builder." John might retort that "Justice is blind."

"Why pay rent when you can hire a horse, man, and a dark night for 1s. 6d. per hour?" reads a notice in Croydon. A shady business.

"Love is like debt," says the *Smart Set*. Just so; easier to get into than out of.

A "vanishing lady" and an "illusionist" were recently married. If he knows his business there should never be any need for hers.

Mr. Alfred Austin was prevented from attending a Liverpool banquet by influenza. It's an ill wind, etc.

"There is many a quack who is as good as a doctor," according to Mr. Justice Ridley. And many a doctor as bad as a quack.

"Heaven is over-populated with spinsters," says Frank Richardson. It must be misnamed.

Socialistic Carpenter (*on building at lunch-time*): It ain't fair, mates, all this unequal division of wealth. Why should we have to work and toil to earn a crust o' bread and cheese by the sweat of our brow, and the rich man do nothing but roll along in his kerridge and give orders to tradespeople? Why should one have all and another none? I tell you what it is, mates, those that's got it ought to be made to—— Why, who the bloomin' blazes has been at my lunch-beer? I'd like to get hold of him, whoever he is, the bloomin' sneak.

Beery Billiam (*who has been an unseen listener*): There's an ongrateful chap. An' I only drunk 'alf! That's the worst of them Socialists; they don't practise what they preach!

She: England is the most drunken nation on the face of the earth.

He: That is why they call it a tight little island.

First Yeomanry Officer: That's a marvellous charger of yours.
Second Do.: So was the man I bought him of.

Manager (*to clerk whom he has just caught making an early lunch*): I have no objection, John, to your eating on the premises, but here I must ask you to keep that cheese in the strong-room.

"I am trying to stir up a divine discontent," said Keir Hardie, recently. Isn't there enough discontent among divines already?

The two men who quarrelled in a barber's shop, and fought a duel with razors, are reported to be quite cut up.

Should you step upon a lady's dress, bring your facetious powers into play by sundry remarks about stopping the train.

Situations Wanted and Vacant.

A Limerick Prize-winner seeks situation as Editor of high-class magazine.—S. Weldhead, Braintree.

Required, Private Tutor for Nobleman's Son. Must be well versed in the living and dead languages, ancient mythology, archæology, mathematics, the anchor stroke at billiards, aerostatics and bimetallism, besides possessing a complete knowledge of the differential calculus, bridge, the binominal theorem, the whole theory of the Shakespeare-Baconian cypher, diabolo, and the Greek Classics. Salary, £20 per annum, including soap and use of family towel.

Young Man (22) seeks situation as husband to wealthy young lady. Beauty not so much an object as comfortable home. Beer-money required.—L. Azey, Office of this Paper.

Good-looking Youth (perfect calves) wants situation as First Walking Gentleman in good family. Would not object to dining now and again with the servants.—F. Lunkey, Powderham.

£1 BANKING ACCOUNTS

HOW EVERYONE MAY OBTAIN SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST AND SPLENDID FINANCIAL ADVANTAGES BY BANKING WITH FIRST-CLASS LONDON BANK.

SMALL DEPOSITORS' ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORT OF SWEEPING REFORMS IN BRITISH BANKING METHODS.

Have you a balance at the bank upon which you can draw by cheque?

And if so, are you being paid good interest upon this current account?

There are a large number of banks in this country which directly discourage the small depositor. They do not care to keep current accounts which fall below a certain figure, and in order to express their disinclination they not only decline to pay any interest at all upon the money thus deposited with them, but in many cases actually make a charge for keeping your account.

Now this, whatever way we look at it, is entirely absurd. If you lend a sum of money to anyone, you do not expect that person to charge a fee for accepting the loan. Rather would you expect to be paid a fee for the convenience. And whether the case be that of an individual or that of a bank, the governing principle is precisely the same. The use of money is always worth paying for. Money makes money, and when you give a bank the opportunity of making money for itself with the money you have lent it, you naturally expect a payment for the same. And so you can if you select the right bank.

The trouble has been that for a long while now, banking in Great Britain has been unprogressive. Its methods of business have remained the same for generations. The old-fashioned bank catered almost exclusively for the rich, for the well-to-do, for the country gentry, and the merchant princes of the towns; it was considered almost *infra dig.* to open its doors to the smaller customer, the man or woman who wished to open an account with any sum from £1 upwards.

OPENING A CHEQUE-BOOK ACCOUNT WITH £1.

But we have changed all that now-a-days. Banking reform is the order of the day. And when we find a great and popular establishment like Feltham's Bank, Ltd., of 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W., and 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C., offering especial advantages to the small depositor, advantages previously only given to the very wealthiest customers, then we may be sure that the old-fashioned methods which have been the despair of the business man for generations, are rapidly becoming things of the past.

Feltham's Bank, Ltd., for instance, positively encourages the small investor.

It says to him, metaphorically, "Look here, your account may be a small one, but it is useful both to yourself and to me. There are many men and women of moderate means in the world, there are very few wealthy ones. In fact, most of the riches of the world is in the hands of the small, and the moderately well-to-do individuals. Now, there is no reason in the world why you should not obtain exactly the same banking facilities as are given as a matter of course to the wealthy customer. You can open your account with £1 if you like; you will be paid high interest (just as the rich man gets high interest), you will, like him, look upon your bank as your financial friend and adviser, your guide and philosopher, in any monetary or commercial difficulty; you will come to it—just as the rich man or woman does—if ever you require the temporary use of some sum of money or other, large or small, and you will get it upon the terms most convenient to yourself. You will find that your interests are the interests of the bank, and you will obtain all the advantages of belonging to a leading London bank, without having to pay for the privilege."

SENSATIONAL POPULARITY ACHIEVED.

This, in effect, is what Feltham's Bank says to the small depositor, and as a result—there is little wonder at it—Feltham's Bank is achieving a popularity far wider and far deeper, touching all classes of the community, and all districts of the Empire, far greater than any bank has ever obtained before. The popularity of Feltham's Bank, indeed, is the sensation of the financial year. What is it, then, that Feltham's Bank does?

In the first place, it enables you to open an account with any sum from £1 upwards.

In the second place, not only does it not make a charge for keeping such an account, but it pays interest from the rate of *seven per cent. upon them.*

In the third place, it puts in the way of customers who desire it all the special and expert information it, from its very position, obtains as to the rise and fall of stocks and shares, the various fluctuations of the Money Market, the various opportunities for making money in large sums which are constantly occurring, but which, unless you obtain the inside information a bank can give, you may never even hear of until the time for action has passed by.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE FOR CUSTOMERS.

In the fourth place, it gives to every customer—no matter how small his or her account—precisely the same opportunities as are always given to the wealthy customers of important banks, of obtaining the use of small or large sums of money on the most convenient and reasonable terms. And this advantage is one not to be underestimated. How many times have you, the present reader of this article, seen an opportunity by which you might make big money, if only you had a little spare cash by you? There are many avenues leading direct to success which can only be entered on payment of an admittance fee. By belonging to a first-class London Bank, by securing for yourself all the influence of that Bank, and by obtaining the knowledge that behind you, supporting you, are all the vast resources of the Bank, you are given magnificent fortune-making opportunities which never could you have obtained otherwise. And to those who may be passing through that dreary desert of temporary money-stringency the same information comes with its clear messages of relief; Feltham's Bank, by placing these privileges within the reach of every customer—even if his or her account is only one of a single sovereign—is conferring a blessing upon the community.

The influence of Feltham's Bank is spreading over a far wider sphere than otherwise it would by its adoption of the highly convenient principle of banking by post.

By this method everyone—no matter where they live—can obtain the advantage and prestige of banking with a leading London banking house without ever needing to pay a personal visit to the building itself. They can conduct all their banking business through the medium of the British postal facilities, and special arrangements have been made to make this form of banking procedure entirely free from risk.

The thoroughly up-to-date methods of Feltham's Bank are shown also by its adoption of the full business hours of 9 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m.; instead of the exceedingly short and inconvenient day which from time immemorial seems to have been characteristic of the unprogressive banking establishments in Great Britain.

But you will probably like to hear about these magnificent banking facilities in more detail. They are fully described in a book written by a bank manager, which fully deserves its title of "Profitable Banking Accounts." This book, which is fully illustrated and interestingly written, deals with the whole subject from start to finish, and shows you how, by the arrangements made by the bank directors,

Everyone can have a banking account.
Everyone can obtain 7 per cent. regular interest.
Everyone can obtain the best financial advice.
Everyone can obtain the most convenient financial assistance.
Everyone can obtain the most desirable information respecting Stocks and Shares, Insurance, Annuities, and the like.
And everyone can obtain many other valuable banking privileges.

A copy of this book will be sent to you if you would like to read it, post free and gratis, on application to the Manager, Feltham's Bank, Ltd, 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W., or 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

WE DESIRE to return our sincere thanks to the numerous readers who have sent us congratulations upon the result of the Arnold and Butler libel case.

JOHN BULL POSTCARDS.—We have now received from our printers a new supply of very artistic Picture Postcards, and shall be pleased to forward some to any reader on receipt of stamped addressed envelope large enough to take an ordinary-sized postcard.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

J. R. (Hessle) wants us to publish a list of parsons' wives who are shareholders in brewery companies. Perhaps he will tell us how to identify the ladies.

R. H. B. (King's Lynn).—We have no connection with the *Mint*. If you refer to our issue of March 7th, you will see a full report on the International Securities Corporation. We have also looked fully into the position of Feltham's Bank under its new management. The chief points against the Licensing Bill are (1) it is unnecessary, and (2) it is unjust. The Hansard Union was a combination of printing and publishing firms. We understand Sir Wm. Dupree's refusal to sell the "Coach and Horses" inn is based upon his firm conviction that the Licensing Bill will never pass into law. The fact remains that the best offer he has yet received does not amount to 50 per cent. of what he paid. Anything more?

H. H. (Birmingham) is very angry with the Harmsworths for advertising for a gentleman "to call on professional and business houses," with an intimation that "the position would be worth £250 per annum," and then offering him a situation at £2 a week, conditional upon his obtaining orders (to be approved by them) each week, for six sets of "The Harmsworth Self-Educator" at £2 10s. the set, and "The *Punch* Library of Humour," at £2 7s. 6d.

S. H. M. (Margate) and others.—We made a full enquiry into Feltham's Bank under its new management before accepting its advertisement.

"Tobacco" (Bayswater) hopes, *apropos* the recent Easter holidays, that we will draw attention to the fact that the managers and assistants in tobacconists' shops are still in a state of imprisonment. Being non-smokers ourselves, we would gladly vote for the compulsory closing of all tobacconists on Bank holidays, or any other days—that is, if we were "Temperance Reformers."

"Syntax" (Portsmouth).—We quite agree that it was an arbitrary act to put the marine servant under arrest "as a caution."

J. V. (London).—We must give Mr. Lloyd-George a little poetic license when he is addressing a temperance gathering. He is all right at other times.

H. W. B. (Winnipeg) sends us a cutting from the *Manitoba Free Press*, from which we gather that on St. Patrick's Day a thousand unemployed paraded the city, demanding the means of livelihood. The Mayor interviewed a deputation and informed it that the Salvation Army could place 400 hands on farms, but, according to the report, "the men do not favour dealing with the Army." Why? we wonder.

"Canuck."—Surely, if the facts are as stated, you should have no difficulty in obtaining a divorce from your wife, and in that case it should not be a very extended period before you are in a position to marry the lady to whom you refer.

"Centre Party" (London).—Apply to the local Town Clerk, and he will supply you with a form of claim to a lodger vote.

F. W. S. (Leeds).—We quite agree with you that the mission of Lonnie Dennis, "the world's youngest evangelist—the American wonder," is not calculated to inspire respect for religion. We note that the back of the bill is utilised for an advertisement of somebody's emulsion, and would suggest that Lonnie should take a bottle of it.

F. D. (London).—How can you discuss the merits of a Bill with a man who says, "Christ is in favour of it"?

T. R. (Blackpool).—There is much force in what you say about the tied-house system. But it doesn't justify the Government Bill.

A. R. (Ilford).—We quite agree that General Booth's Canadian Emigration scheme is open to very grave objection and suspicion.

A. J. D. (Tunbridge Wells) protests against being pestered for a subscription towards buying the Bishop of Newcastle a motor car, to "protect him from bad weather and the worry of catching trains." What on earth has Tunbridge Wells to do with it? Poor old Bishop, with only £3,500 a year, and six assistants!

"Bunbury" (Glasgow).—We'll have a word with the curate.

H. S. (Sidcup).—And with the Scotch parson.

J. C. (Southampton).—We have already dealt with the matter.

W. P. H. (Chester).—R. M. (Ashton-under-Lyne). Thanks for two very interesting cuttings. Oh, those parsons!

E. G. (Newport).—Twenty persons, "including boys and girls," is quite a respectable gathering as Temperance meetings go.

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK
&
WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD
WIDE REPUTE

E. W. (London).—Personally, we rather like to see clergymen on lists of brewery shareholders. It gives an air of respectability and orthodoxy to the Trade.

F. L. (Newcastle).—You will find one of them amongst our "Bulls' Eyes."

A. F. (London) points out, *apropos* our recent article on the drink problem, that the idea of a good square mid-day meal on Sunday never caught on in Scotland, and that breakfast is the principal function of the day. He also thinks that, regarding "exceptional criminality," the comparison between England and Scotland would not come out well for the predominant partner.

A. M. (Dowanhill) also traverses our contributor's statement that in parts of Glasgow public-houses close at 9 o'clock. We presume what was meant was parts of the country.

E. W. D. (Child's Hill) would like a list of all M.P.'s who are shareholders in brewery companies. We will consider the matter, but it involves a great deal of work and expense.

A. H. S. (Barnes).—Thanks for reminding us that Finborough *is* in Suffolk, and that hops *are* grown there.

G. E. T. E. (London) corrects our recent paragraph relating to the pupil teacher and the cane by informing us that the young man did not attend the Cannock Grammar School, but the one at Walsall. He also assures us that the pupil teacher in question was thoroughly unaware that smoking was prohibited out of school hours.

D. McA. (Walsall) writes to the same effect, adding that the scene of the incident was Walsall Station, and not that at Cannock.

"Shoe Artist" (Leicester).—We had not seen the *Sunday Chronicle*—nor do we think you will find on examination that the two versions are identical.

A. H. M. (E. Dulwich).—Thanks for suggestion.

B. B. B. (St. Leonard's).—We have given our contemporary a biscuit.

E. W. (Shepherd's Bush).—We are afraid our hands are too full to enable us to investigate the methods of our contemporary in regard to its prize competition.

A. B. C. (Ipswich).—We have read the Vicar of Gorleston's sermon on the Licensing Bill with much pleasure. What a broad-minded, sensible chap he is.

M. R. (Clapham).—We had already read Sir John Ellerman's article. Pity the Government didn't consult some of these practical experts before promoting their Bill.

"Monkey Brand" (Birmingham) objects to our referring to employees, who are males, and giving a biscuit for a reference to an actress's fiancée. But one word is English and applicable to both sexes, while the other is neither. We know nothing about the Governor of North Carolina or the Governor of South Carolina, and we are quite happy in our ignorance.

S. A. S.—Already commented upon, but thanks for your vigilance.

"Simon" (Lower Edmonton) wants to do "homework in spare time," and asks if he shall send money to the notorious Truscott or the notorious Paynter, both of whom continue to advertise in the *People*. Certainly not.

J. N. (Salop).—We never know when the *Daily News* is serious.

"Ajax" (London).—We know nothing of the Junior Turf Club, but do not appreciate the necessity for such an institution.

"Cam" (Liverpool).—We should think some fanatical teetotaler had slipped in the last line.

F. S. (Balham).—We are communicating with the publisher of *Answers* in regard to Arnold and Butler's advertisement.

L. J. (Sheffield).—You had better keep your savings in the bank. Successful speculation involves the necessity of constant personal watching of markets.

R. H. (London).—You never can tell.

J. R. M. (Dundee).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you to have anything to do with these Correspondence Colleges.

Mrs. P. (Penzance) says she is rather late, but she thinks perhaps "the above" is worthy of a biscuit. Unfortunately there is nothing above, so this is a case of better never than late.

"Anti-Sarcasm" (Fitzroy Square).—You write well. Why not send us some regular contributions?

"Canea" (Nelson).—Leave it to us.

T. H. (Colchester).—Thanks for interesting cutting. Your parson is one of the right sort.

"An Old Reader" (Westbourne Park) sends us an interesting letter from his brother in South Africa, containing the request that it be shown to us. It appears that "a Britisher is not wanted over there, only when fighting is to be done," and our South African friend has been discharged to make room for a German. There did seem "a better prospect a little while ago when there was a talk of sending all the coolies and Chinamen out of the country, but it has not come off." Certainly South Africa is *not* "God's own country."

H. E. C. (W. Kensington).—We will not lose sight of your suggestion.

E. E. D. (Penge) and others.—Our best regards to all of you.

H. W. W. (Sutton).—We have read with interest your letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It touches the spot.

J. J. W. (Camberwell).—We are afraid we cannot advise you.

J. T. (Bradford), R. L. (Wimbledon) and others.—Confound those printers!

"Imprateur" (Hall Park, W.).—The case is a hard one, but what can we do?

G. M. S. (Glasgow).—What a canny Scot you are!

F. R. W. (Leicester).—We do not advise you to spend money on the course of lessons suggested.

W. T. R. (Teignmouth).—The answer is in the affirmative, as we say in the House.

W. W. (Earlsfield).—Have nothing to do with the gentleman.

A. B. C. (Norfolk).—We are glad our "Prime Minister" series afforded good food for your debating society.

E. A. (Maidenhill).—Great minds often think alike.

S. Y. (Paddington).—You are quite right in your version of the matter.

"An Old Reader" (Merthyr).—Thanks for pamphlet, but the matter is ancient history now.

G. C. N. (Stockton-on-Tees).—The Stockton Vicar seems a sensible sort of chap. Would there were more like him.

F. J. S. (Hampstead) writes to inform us that his little grandchild, aged 2½, was singing "Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh" very loudly at noon, when a workman, leaning on his spade, said, "My dear little kid, if I only had a penny, I would give it you." This is what we call a good story.

W. H. R. (South Lambeth) sends us the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*: "Gentleman, aged 22, with neither experience nor ability desires responsible position.—Address Kaka." We wish he may get it.

J. A. D. (Farnham) says he has been pulling the leg of the New French Gem Company (131, 132, Bunhill Row, E.C.) and the Gold Wire and Electro Company (23, Australian Avenue, E.C.). Have they only one leg between them? He thinks "if many of your readers pestered them as I have done, they would soon give up." We have our doubts.

B. T. (Upper Holloway).—We have already given a biscuit for something similar to the advertisement of a youth "aged about 15s."

N. McD. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—We should like to see the motor-cycle advertised in the *Newcastle Chronicle* as "10–12, four-seated, four cylinders, side entrance, Cape-cart hood, glass screen." It must be a very ingenious invention.

A. E. V. says Jim Crow's remarks about tea are endorsed by the tea trade. He sends us a puzzling advertisement of pickled eggs with the announcement that "a sample of the preserving fluid was taken and analysed in order to prove if it contained any preservative. The analysis revealed that no preservative was traced in the egg." It is always well to be prepared for an election.

A. J. (W. Norwood).—The publishers of John Bull are Messrs. Odhams Limited, over whom we have no sort of control.

When you want to beautify, strengthen and preserve your hair or provide it a pleasant yet harmless daily dressing, you are strongly recommended to try

JAVOL

The Elite of Hair Tonics

Madame Melba says:
"I have used JAVOL and find it an excellent preparation for the hair."

Other celebrities are saying the same.

HALF-PRICE COUPON
This Coupon entitles Bearer to a 2s. Flask of JAVOL for trial at 1s. on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send Postal Order for 1s. direct to Dept. "S"
LAURENT, CORLISS & CO.
11 Queen Victoria St., E.C.

Immediate use of this Coupon will secure you a 2s. flask of JAVOL at half price. To-day is a good time.

MONEY ADVANCED ON MOTOR CARS
Promptly and Privately, whilst First Class Storage in separate rooms is provided, during Owners' enforced absence from Town.
ADVANCES at 10 per Cent. per ANNUM.
THE PARK MOTOR CO.,
216, Tottenham Court Road and 11, Alfred Place, W.C.
Telephone Nos.—7812 and 7565 Gerrard.
Telegraphic Address—"Handicable, London."

COMPETENT MEN
are always in demand, and we have always a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day.
HAPGOODS, Ltd., 27, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

YOU ARE INVITED
to send a postcard for H. Samuel's
FREE BOOK OF 3,000
FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS.
Every purchase means a saving of almost one-half on the usual retail prices—thousands saving money!
Hamlet's Free Trial with any Article. Write to-day.
H. SAMUEL, 102, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER. Chief London Branch, 178, Strand, W.C.

5/6 REAL GOLD Solid Gipsy Set RING with four diamonds and three rubies.

BIRKBECK BANK
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

HAND-BOOK OF DIVORCE.
Explains in plain language everything required to be known by persons involved in Matrimonial troubles. The evidence required by the Court in Judicial Separations and Divorce cases. All about the Domicil, Collusion, Condonation, Cruelty. Permanent Alimony. Suing in *forma pauperis*. Costs. How to procure a Divorce quickly and cheaply. By post, Eighteenpence.
HARTSTONES, 12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, W.C.

BE UP-TO-DATE. GET AN UP-TO-DATE PEN.
THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1908 MODEL.

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest Sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft, and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.
What a user says: "In constant use for over six years and as good as ever."

The Self-Filling and Self-Cleaning Perfection Fountain Pen is a marvel of Simplicity, it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, medium, broad, or J points can be had

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each 5/6

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is Guaranteed, and Money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, The Red Lion Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 71, High Holborn, London, W.C., and acquire this Bargain. (Agents wanted.) Please mention this Magazine.

J. T. W. (Burgess Hill) wants us "to stand for Britain and fair play," by attacking an Italian lady named Tetrazzini, but we are not convinced by his quotations from Yankee newspapers, which probably know even less about music than Jim Crow.

"Curious" (Queen's Park) asks, "What is the motive of employers detaining a portion of their employés' wages whilst in their service?" Either thrift or greed, we suppose.

"Enid" (Haverstock Hill) wants to know if a young Englishman, of 21, with a knowledge of French and German, can obtain employment in any good position in the Colonies without interest. We think not.

W. J. E. (Paignton) sends us a matrimonial advertisement of a gentleman who wants a rich wife, and says "none genuine need apply." We are afraid his intentions are not very serious.

P. E. (Wandsworth Common).—We agree that attempts should be made to restrain a "brutal and fanatical white man preaching murder and sedition in the heart of London." But don't nail his ears to the pump.

"Bunkum" (Caversham) sends us a ragman's circular headed "E. R.," but there is nothing to show that this is intended to imply Royal patronage. Perhaps it means "endless regret" for taking the liberty of calling. Or "Enny rags?"

W. J. (Devonport).—12s. a week is certainly not a princely salary for a "smart junior clerk proficient in shorthand and typewriting." Why not try the effect of a little peaceful persuasion upon the sweater?

W. S. C. (Barnsley) wants Jim Crow to be made to do sums before breakfast. He certainly could not do them after dinner.

H. C. (Birmingham) sends us some lines addressed to the Suffragettes, but we fear they are too forcible for publication.

C. R. (Pontypridd).—Do you really expect us to fill the whole of every number with exposures of the London Premium and Tea Company? In reply to your inquiry, whether we can advise you what to do with the circular they sent you, we suggest that you should send it to the wash.

W. G. S. (Brighton).—We are sorry to hear that your friend is suffering from a disease of the nose, but we should not advise him to entrust his proboscis to a circularising firm.

G. C. S. (East Ham) and F. G. (Bayswater) complain of tradesmen who offer goods at cheap prices and announce that these have been reduced from much higher prices while intermediate prices have not been removed from the goods. A possible explanation might, however, be discovered if the goods have been reduced in price more than once.

E. T. A. (Blackheath).—Scarcely worth a biscuit.

A. G. W. (Seven Kings).—Thanks for cutting from the *Christian*. What a lot of religious literature we have to read!

P. C. H. (Cardiff) asserts that Jim Crow has never tasted China tea. Crow replies that he has paid very high prices in Moscow for the overland Kiakhta tea, and believes it was the genuine article. As for Sir Charles Dilke, Jim thinks he is a better authority on milk.

M. C. (Chester) tries to pull our leg by prevaricating. If we were a doctor we would give a certificate.

W. H. C. R. M. A. asks us to oblige him by sending the correct ages of some ladies who appear in music-halls. If we may judge by appearances, they are still very young, though one of them is supposed to be a grandmother.

Mrs. K. (Kinross).—We are glad there will not be another Leap Year for some time to come.

L. W. J. (St. Margaret's-on-Thames) sends us a copy of a complaint recently made to the traffic manager of an Indian railway. P. R. Camu Kutty Memon wrote to complain of the "most atrocious and unsympathetic behaviour of the Station Master towards the passengers who were flocking around there one after another in quick speed and quacking hearts." They "ran up to the station from the moffusils, exposing themselves to the piercing torture of the mid-day sun." The complainant adds, "By my journey to the station I have become much wearied and exhausted and my tongue had almost dried up for water. Thanking the authorities who provide us with many of our necessities at the stations as they have here done, I went straight to the drinking water tank that is placed just in fron of it. But the belted porter who was instantly deputed to stand in watch asked me to 'be off' from the tank for, he said, the water was only intended to satisfy the dried threats of railway workers and not of the passengers. Horrible! Horrible when men in thirst were prohibited from the usage of water by a Station Master whom, regardless of any other qualities, I understand to be a brahman by birth! I did not lost hope altogether. For the master whom I thought to be more sympathetic than a petty porter had only professed taciturnity during my dealings with the porter and did not express yes or no. The porter being found unwieldy, I begged recourse from the Station Master. But will the master who has deputed the porter to prohibit the usage grant me my request? No. I cringed for water, others not the less, and went on cringing till the porter was asked to shove us out. Instantly we cleared the station-front and sat down in disappointed hopes. The indecent expression of 'M' and 'tan' used by the station master during our discourse is mentioned here only with a shock. Can I not humbly beg for drinking water when others demand the supply of lemonade and ice and tom tim in papers?" We must really see what Mr. Morley has to say on the subject.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lothian.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People*," *and* "*Magpie*" *of* "*The Globe*.")

Newbury Proved it.

Linacre is no light-weight's mount.

Likely.

Some of the best of judges vow that Vitez will before long sire a *real* good one.

Safest.

When there are endless tips for a race, it is always best for backers to leave it alone.

Of Two Evils!

Some owners, in selecting trainers, candidly admit that they prefer a thief to a fool.

As bad as here.

In the Colonies there are two-year-old races over distances of 4 and 4½ furlongs.

An Experienced Trainer-Jockey.

I am pleased to see the veteran W. Pullen getting quite a nice string together at Chilcomb—and he has one or two aristocratic patrons, too.

Incredible.

The higher altitude from Durban to Johannesburg so completely has effect upon horses, that their form, after coming from the coast to Johannesburg, alters extraordinarily.

Sometimes a Ruse.

When horses are down to be sold after a race, it doesn't by any means stand for granted that they are not "fancied"—and backed.

Branded.

Who is the West End solicitor interested in horses which sometimes run in his brother-in-law's and sometimes in his wife's name?

Our Own Experience.

How much one bets frequently depends on how late in the day or week it is, and whether he is determined, like many do, to "go home a winner."

Who will Champion us?

Surely here is now no excuse or need for funk among our legislators as to being "branded" for standing up for betting. Now that street betting has gone, what are they prepared to do?

Natural.

It does a horse no good to be always getting placed, for not alone does it "sicken" them, but when they do go off they do so in no unmistakable manner.

Spanish.

Pillo, the Golden Horn colt who ran at Nottingham, is pronounced Pejou, being Spanish, and its meaning is a "wastrel."

Misleading.

It is not true that all bookmakers are open to lay the odds quoted in the "morning betting." It would be useful at times if they did.

The Make and Shape of Horses.

Heliotrope, a successful plater, has uriously deformed knee-joints, to level which, Lord Falmouth—to whom he belonged when a foal—had special irons made.

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Prophetic.

The City and Suburban, Epsom's big meeting, will be over before I can next discuss matters, and therefore I am compelled now to reiterate that whatever beats

LONGCROFT,

whom Trigg rides, will win, and it will be quite the unlucky big horse's turn to score. In the Great Metropolitan I should pick nothing but

GLACIS,

who, however, will, I certainly expect, have won in the interim at Kempton, and thereby gain a big penalty. Should he fail to have done so, don't miss the horse at Epsom.

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